

TWENTY CENTS

MAY 17, 1954

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



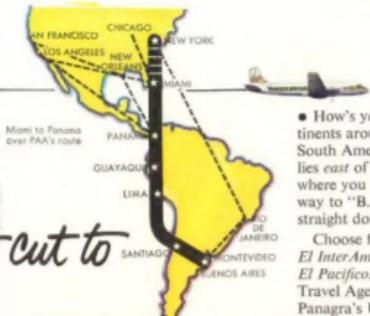
COMMITTEE COUNSEL RAY JENKINS

William Vandiver

\$6.00 A YEAR

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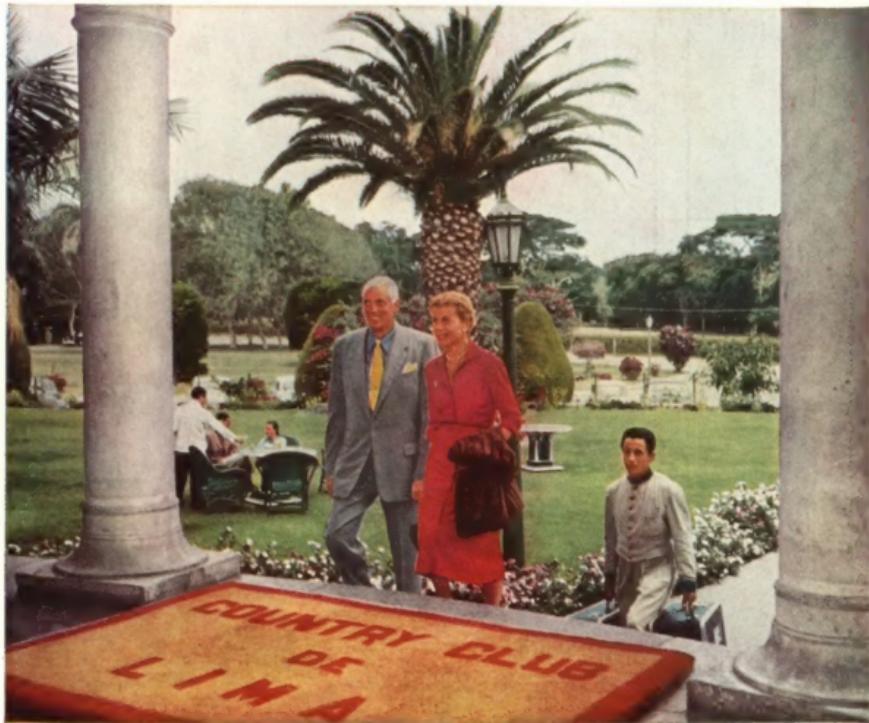


Short cut to

SOUTH AMERICA

• How's your map I.Q.? Some maps push continents around, but this map shows you where South America *really is!* Almost all of it lies *east* of Miami! That's why, no matter where you live in the U.S.A., the shortest way to "B.A." is via *El InterAmericano's* route straight down the West Coast.

Choose from 10 flights weekly: Deluxe *El InterAmericano*, daily DC-6, or thrifty *El Pacifico*, DC-6B tourist service. Call your Travel Agent or Pan American, Panagra's U. S. Sales Agent.



Doorway to low-cost luxury in Lima, Peru. You don't know South America until you've seen its West Coast.

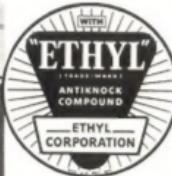
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WORLD'S FRIENDLIEST AIRLINE



What a powerful difference this high-octane gasoline makes!

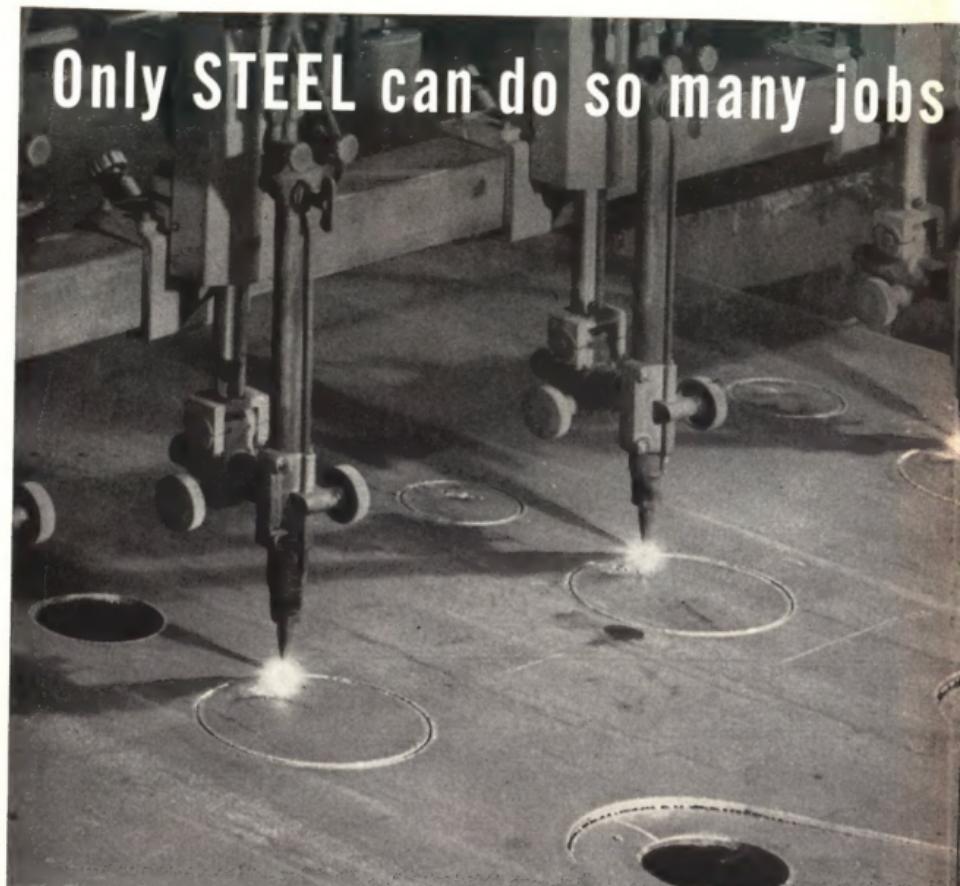
There is nothing more important than octane rating when you buy gasoline. That's because the amount of power gasoline can deliver depends on octane rating. So, no matter what other qualities you want your fuel to have—be doubly sure to get high-octane gasoline. And one way to be sure is to look for the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on the pump.



Enjoy full power—
use high-octane
"ETHYL" gasoline!

ETHYL CORPORATION
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Cuts Steel Like Butter! This modern flame-cutting equipment, in use at U.S. Steel Supply Division warehouses, can follow the most complicated patterns accurately and turn out finished shapes of steel exactly as wanted. Many fabricators of steel products buy their steel from U.S. Steel Supply, and have it cut to shape before delivery.



Golden Triangle. Pittsburgh's famous business section has had its face lifted recently . . . and in the new "Golden Triangle" there's still a lot of *steel*. U.S. Steel has fabricated and erected more than 34,000 tons of structural steel for new buildings here in less than 2 years. Only steel can do so many jobs so well.

so well



The Spring's The Thing that gives a trampolinist its unique place in the world of exercise and entertainment. Around the edge of the resilient "bouncing" surface, more than 100 oil-tempered springs, carefully designed and precisely manufactured by U.S. Steel, quietly go about their jobs of supplying the "motive" power that enables a performer to bounce and leap as high as 26 feet into the air—to do double-somersaults, full twists, and other fascinating feats hitherto impossible.



A 42-Foot Car-Bottom Furnace heats big steel ingots like this up to forging temperature at U.S. Steel's Homestead Works. But proper heating involves a great deal of skill and experience on the part of the men who supervise the process. And U.S. Steel Forgings Division craftsmen are second to none in expertise at their various jobs. Many of them learned their skill from fathers and grandfathers who held the same jobs before them.

A Television Program we hope you view regularly is the hour-long, every-other-week United States Steel Hour. This TV Show, produced by The Theatre Guild, offers the best in dramatic entertainment, with standout performances by favorite stars. The scene above is from a production featuring Faye Emerson and Robert Preston. Consult your local newspaper for time and station, and join us for the next program.



This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

UNITED STATES STEEL

For further information on any product mentioned in this advertisement, write United States Steel, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AMERICAN BRIDGE, AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE and CYCLONE FENCE, COLUMBIA-GENEVA STEEL, CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL, GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING, NATIONAL TUBE
OIL WELL SUPPLY, TENNESSEE COAL & IRON, UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS, UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY, Divisions of UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION, PITTSBURGH
UNITED STATES STEEL HOMES, INC. • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY

4-808A



*Something cool . . .
for the choosiest chooser.*

Many a man can fool his public by looking cool in summer. But the neatest achievement of all is to feel cool, too! It can be done, quickly and easily, in a Silkool tropical by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

Even the choosiest choose a Silkool because it's a twofold triumph! A Silkool looks cool because there's a distinctive sheen and a breezy feel to the fabric. It is cool because the weave combines just the right amount of airy-spun silk fibers with just the right amount of fine worsted. The luxurious result assures a cool reception for top temperatures.

As you might expect, aristocratic Silkool tropicals are tailored with all the care and respect they deserve. They're ready now . . . to keep every well-dressed man's spirits from sinking when the mercury soars.



*Something cool . . .
with the lady's approval.*

HOW TO BE A COOL CUSTOMER

The terms "cool" and "customer" are not always compatible during the summer months . . . unless you're one of the fortunates who can laugh at a heat wave from inside a Silkool tropical suit.

Light and airy, this distinctive summer suit is a handsome combination of fine worsted with princely silk . . . assuring good looks and cool construction. It's tailored, of course, with the traditional skill of Hart Schaffner & Marx. Consider a Silkool tropical suit, and be a cool and comfortable customer. For the address of the dealer most convenient to you, write Hart Schaffner & Marx, Dept. T5, 36 S. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois.

SILKOOOL . . . Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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SCHAFFNER
& MARX**





TIME IS A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

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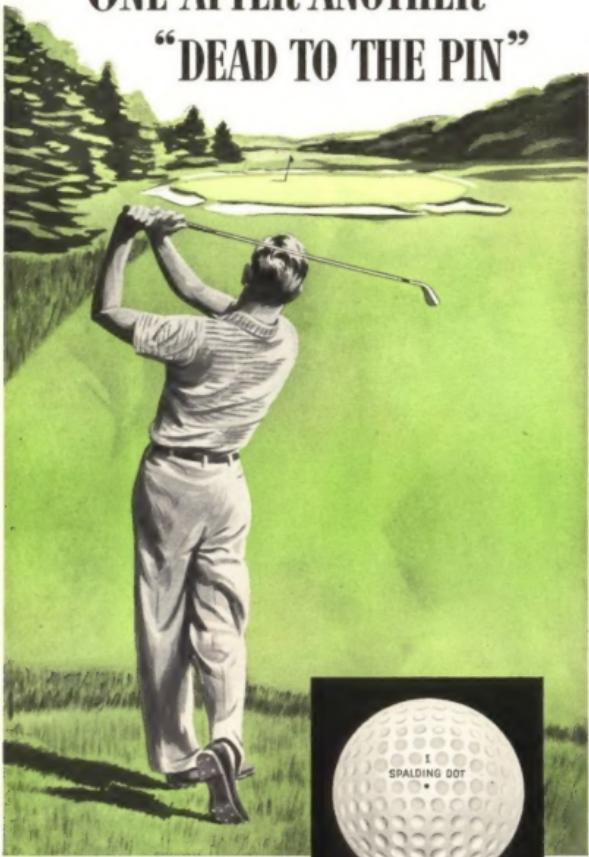
Count on Capital to speed you anywhere from the Atlantic to the West, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf — comfortably and economically — with time to spare.

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Washington, D.C.

ONE AFTER ANOTHER “DEAD TO THE PIN”



A little postage stamp of an island green. You've got to be straight and long. It's times like this when you're plenty glad you've got the Spalding Dor on your side.

Hit one Dor, hit a hundred. Every Dor delivers absolutely uniform performance . . . the distance and accuracy you can count on. That's the big reason why more good golfers play the Spalding Dor than any other ball.

For extra durability with distance play Top-Flite.
The Dot® and Top-Flite® are sold thru golf professionals only.

SPALDING DOT

golf's precision power ball

LETTERS

McCarthy & the Army

Sir:

Your reporting on the McCarthy-Army hearings [May 1] was superb. As a Democrat, I should rejoice at this sordid spectacle of Republicans laboring Republicans. But as a loyal American, I cannot in my heart find any joy in a fracas which is seriously injuring the prestige of the United States, and keeping the minds of the people and legislators from far more vital affairs. . . .

ALLEN KLEIN

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sir:

. . . McCarthy's blatant disregard for fact, for details of courtesy and procedure, for authority, for his fellow committeemen, high-ranking Government officials and Army officers, let alone millions of televiewers, has been openly exposed to the American public better than ever before . . .

JOHN B. BALLOU, M.D.

Hartford, Conn.

Sir:

. . . I wish to express my profound admiration for Secretary of the Army Robert Stevens. . . He has returned courtesy for courtesy. He has given lucid answers to confused questions . . . Above all, he has preserved his good temper while dealing with bad temper.

I don't see how he did it!

DOROTHY ROSS BROWN

Grosse Ile, Mich.

Sir:

. . . It is evident that you have not recovered from the Roosevelt brain wash. It is fortunate for objective truth that the majority of the American public are able to

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TIME
May 17, 1954

Volume LXII
Number 20

TIME, MAY 17, 1954

[®]King of Summer Suits

IMPORTED
Coronado

with

TURKISH KID MOHAIR



NATURALLY finer—CORONADO suits are woven of nature's own proven fibers . . . Turkish Kid Mohair and Australian Worsted.

Imported CORONADO is lustrous, shape-retaining and amazingly light in weight. [®]Flex Tailored. New and exclusive Summer shades.

The handsome styling and superb tailoring of a CORONADO suit will always reflect your discriminating good taste.

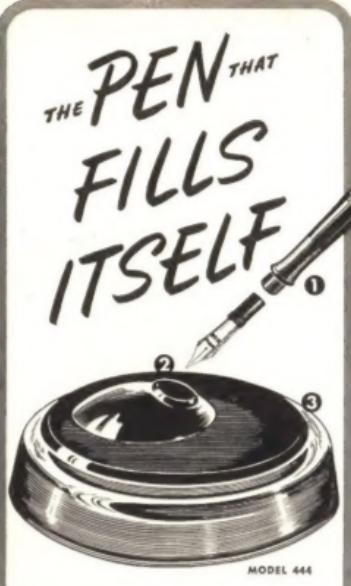
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Featured by America's finest clothiers, coast to coast . . . Write for name of nearest store. Fabric imported and tailored exclusively by J. SCHOENEMAN, Inc., Baltimore 3, Md.



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The PERFECT desk set for busy desks. Pen always ready to write—automatically fills itself from giant ink fountain every time pen is returned to socket. Fountain-base needs ink only 4 times a year in normal use.

- 1 Finger grip never touches ink. No chance for ink to touch you.
- 2 Fountain-base "ink-locked" against accidental spillage. Only the pen unlocks the ink.
- 3 Fountain-base holds 40 times more ink than ordinary fountain pen. Won't leak. Won't flood. Easy to clean as a saucer.

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THE ESTERBROOK PEN COMPANY, CAMDEN 1, NEW JERSEY
The Esterbrook Pen Company of Canada, Ltd., 92 Fleet St., East; Toronto, Ontario

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watch this investigation first-hand via television, and are not required to depend upon your interpretation of the event.

HAROLD R. COLLINS

Gloucester, Mass.

Sir:

. . . Truly, the founders of the great United States of America must be turning in their graves to see what a low ebb have fallen patriotism, honor and dignity . . . Please, please, wash the dirty linen in private! Remember the high principles upon which your great country was founded.

CECIL YOUNG

Toronto

Sir:

Congratulations on your last edition: no mention of Porfirio Rubirosa!

When will I congratulate you again for not mentioning Senator McCarthy?

GABRIEL RAMOS

Managua, Nicaragua

Oppenheimer & the AEC

Sir:

Incorrect statements concerning my relations with Dr. Robert Oppenheimer are made in TIME, April 26. I have known Oppenheimer well since 1926. I have the highest regard for his scientific ability, his patriotism and his trustworthiness in all respects.

You were misled by not knowing the background of a private and personal letter to my wife written by me in 1949. This was "leaked" to the press on April 14 by what news services called a "reliable source."

America's strength at home and prestige abroad is being damaged by dishonest political attacks on our scientists. I have worked hard to minimize this damage to national security. Under stress of difficult conditions, I was led privately to consider doubts about Oppenheimer which I never stated publicly, which I soon learned were wholly unjustified, and which I now publicly repudiate.

Dean Inge once wrote:

*Lives of great men all remind us,
As we o'er their pages turn,
That we, too, may leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.*

E. U. CONDON

Corning, N.Y.

Sir:

I have just finished reading your story on Oppenheimer. I want to thank you for it.

I had felt that there must be very involved motivation behind the news stories, and now I think I understand.

Contrary to the dearly cherished opinions of the public, a man is seldom a hero or a bastard. He is something in between, struggling as you and I with his environment, his talents and his conscience.

WILFRED C. DUNN

Rowley, Mass.

Sir:

. . . I was reminded that during World War I, the late Professor Richard Willstätter (Nobel Prizewinner in chemistry, 1915) refused to cooperate with a request by the Kaiser for his help in research [on] poison gases. Willstätter refused for ethical reasons, but expressed his cooperation to find a better gas mask.

KURT HEILBUT

Seattle

Sir:

TIME's smugness toward Physical Scientist Robert Oppenheimer's "discovery of society" contrasts sharply with its sympathy for Social Student Whittaker Chambers. Chambers had two social loyalties, and betrayed each once. Perhaps that is the reason

TIME, MAY 17, 1954



Open rebellion on the 5:15

He's through being hot and uncomfortable after business hours. He's wearing the most sensible shirt of the times—*Manhattan DRESS 'N' PLAY*. The only convertible collar with the patented* curvilinear fold line, it's really two shirts in one—a dress shirt with tie

when you're at the office or out on the town . . . an open collar sportshirt when you're relaxing at home or at a barbecue. Comes in as many collar styles, fabrics and colors as you could wish for. *Manhattan DRESS 'N' PLAY* shirts \$3.95 to \$8.95. Silk pongee neckwear \$2.00.

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Manhattan

DRESS-N-PLAY



CHECK ALL THREE

Ask yourself these 3 questions before you buy any air conditioner for your business

1. IS THE STYLING MODERN?

G-E Packaged Air Conditioners are designed to stay in style for years...two-toned silver-gray finish blends with any interior... G-E Packaged Air Conditioners actually look as good as they make you feel.

2. IS IT DURABLE?

Here you see one example of G.E.'s durability: the famous G-E sealed-in-steel refrigerating unit. G.E. hermetically seals all three vital cooling system parts—compressor, condenser and motor. Trouble is sealed out, long life sealed in!

3. IS THE WARRANTY COMPLETE?

Now G.E. dares offer this unmatched protection: G.E. replaces entire sealed cooling system at no cost to you (not even for shipping or labor) if required under normal use during full 5-year warranty period.

GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., AIR CONDITIONING DIVISION, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Packaged AIR CONDITIONERS

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

CHECK FEATURES OF G-E WATER COOLERS, TOO!

Cool, fresh water always... beautiful modern design...G-E 5-Year Protection Plan...dependable G-E refrigeration.



Oppenheimer has pride in himself and Chambers showed pride only in the agony of his repentance.

JIM CONNER

Fontana, Calif.

Sir:

... What is there about this mysterious creature, and what force is being exerted which prevents him from telling the truth? Why, in his case, is it "impossible to be completely candid?" What is he "uneasy" about and what are the "profound new doubts" that he possesses? I, too, went to college during the period he did. I have probably committed wrongful acts and thought wrongfully, but I never attempted to excuse or justify them on the ground that I never read newspapers or magazines or listen to the radio...

T. H. TRACY

New York City

10,000% Boost

Sir:

A decided point is all-important, but easy to lose. By now perhaps hundreds of readers have told you that TIME lost one in its April 16 issue. Under the subhead, "Boost for gas," my copy reads: "As a result, the price of gas produced by Panhandle was valued at only 85¢ a thousand cubic feet, about one-tenth of the market price." ... The "85¢" should read ".85¢."

R. E. JEFFREY

Bartlesville, Okla.

Sir:

Who pays your gas bill?

FRANK G. COOLEY

Denver

¶ This month, an inflated copyreader.

ED.

Protestant Architect (Contd.)

Sir:

Your cover article of April 19, which develops the theme of Van Dusen's "eschatological" advice to Christians in a Lenten era, is disappointing...

If, as Reinhold Niebuhr insists in his writings, the events surrounding the "mystery" of Christ, the alleged Second Coming, and the concept of eternal life, are beyond comprehension, why should we plague our mortal minds with the burden of comprehending the incomprehensible?

LEONARD H. McCANN, A.U.S.

Sendai, Japan

Sir:

These doubting Thomases among the wise-theologians—do they actually lack the faith to believe the inspired Word of God as given in the Biblical account of the virgin birth of Christ?—even in this day of artificial insemination? Or is their attitude more akin to that of Pilate, who, for fear of the people (public opinion), acquiesced in the crucifixion of Christ? To deliberately fail to affirm the virgin birth is to deny that Jesus is the Son of God...

FRANCES JOHN

Abilene, Texas

Sir:

Apropos Theologian Van Dusen's choice of which church to serve: his reasons for rejecting the Episcopal Church in favor of the Presbyterian aren't very good theology, nor correct in their implications.

Calling Episcopalians nominal Christians is like the pot calling the kettle black. How many of today's Presbyterians would be considered nominal, if not heretical, by their precursor, John Calvin? It is also hard to understand how one can call a church which runs schools, hospitals, retreat houses, etc., out of all proportion to their small numbers,

What is there about Wausau, Wisconsin, that makes it the ideal home for one of the world's most important insurance companies?

Employers Mutuals invited the president of The Chicago Board of Trade to visit its home town and find out.



"...an amazing variety."
Mr. Meyers (left) and Allen Abrams.

Wausau Story

by SYLVESTER J. MEYERS, President, Chicago Board of Trade



"...preventing fires wasn't just talk." Mr. Meyers (left) and Mr. Roehl visit Fire Chief Petzold.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau are "good people to do business with."

There's such a thing as a *Wausau personality* that you don't have to go to Wausau to find. It's a way of doing business. You'll find it in all our 89 offices throughout the country. We have a reputation, born and

raised in Wausau, for fairness in giving our policyholders all the protection they have a right to expect from their insurance—and an uncanceled record for prompt claim payments. We are one of the world's largest writers of workmen's compensation insurance, and handle all other lines of casualty and fire insurance as well.

Speaking of fire insurance, it is good advice to recheck your policies. Property values have changed. Replacement costs are high. Let an Employers Mutuals man help you see if your insurance covers all the items and risks you think it does—and in safe amounts. Phone our local office, or write Wausau, Wis.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau





The great emancipator for Mater
SHAKER CREPE
warmer-weather fashions by
REIS
mean freedom from the iron

If you love your wife as much as you love your own warmer-weather comfort and good looks, we call your special attention to our SHAKER CREPE pajamas, sport shirts and undershorts. For your loving wife (who deserves a vacation from the ironing board) will enjoy SHAKER CREPE as much as you do. It's not only as washable as your hands—it never needs ironing. In fact, its name tells you it practically shakers dry after washing. Clever idea? Why not drop a gift hint? Be a name-dropper too. The name is SHAKER CREPE by REIS, of course.

SHAKER CREPE
 Sport Shirts in solids
 and fancy patterns
 \$2.50, \$2.95

SHAKER CREPE
 Pajamas in short
 sleeve, knee-length
 \$3.50. Full length
 sleeve and leg \$3.95

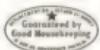
SHAKER CREPE
 Boxer
 Undershorts
 \$1.25

PS means **Perma-Sized®**

—the exclusive shrink-resistance process found
 only in Reis cotton knit underwear and sportswear.
 Guaranteed to stay the size you buy—or
 money back.



EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



and also provides a Sacrament for those who feel the need of it, uninterested in moral problems.

CAMERON CAIRNS

Montreal

Sir:

After reading and digesting all the verbiage and sales talk, it seemed like encountering a breath of cool air on a very hot day to turn to Sigmund Freud's book, *The Future of an Illusion*.

F. A. GRIFFITH

Los Angeles

Sir:

You submit that churhery is resurgent, and thereupon pose the question: "Is it possible that Christianity is really true, after all?"

A thunderous reply in the negative should come from all who can run and read—crime, corruption, delinquency, clash of ideologies—chaos everywhere and church every Sunday—bah!

And what is wrong with the sincere Pragmatist?

J.S.R. RUSSELL

Mexico City

Sir:

... Christmas has degenerated into a spectacle of buying presents. Easter has become a time of buying new hats. Perhaps the Second Coming of Christ will be the occasion for vast sales of binoculars. The average American wouldn't swap his TV set for the best theologian who ever lived.

LEWIS WILLIAMS

Philadelphia

Questions & Dreams

Sir:

I've been involved in several heated discussions with other racing enthusiasts over the cylindrical-shaped cover on the hood of the Cunningham Racer as depicted on the cover of the April 26 issue of TIME. Some of us think it's a sort of radarscope to be used in the fog at Le Mans; others believe it's an air velocity generator—while some say it's a centrifugal stabilizer.

Which guess is correct—and if none are, just what is it?

ARNOLD C. HEPWORTH

New York City

¶ An oil cooler.—ED.

Sir:

I was so affected by your story on Briggs Cunningham that I dreamed about him. Poor man. In my dreams, only one of his three cars finished at Le Mans this year—and that one came in 35th out of 166 cars...

I hope that my subconscious prediction proves as dreamy as some of your conscious publishing ... I believe you'll find that Elkhart Lake, where the road races were held, is in Wisconsin, not Indiana ...

HOWARD W. YOUNG

New York City

Protestant Protests

Sir:

I am unable to let Margaret Hugger's bitter charges [TIME, April 19] go unanswered. She is comparing a "good" Roman Catholic with a "poor" Protestant, which is unfair and misleading ...

HELEN M. SHADDOCK

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

... I am a Protestant Episcopalian who was once a Roman Catholic, and I do not lie abed on Sunday mornings, because my children must be at church school by 9:30. The question of divorce for us has never arisen. (There



"Is it for ME?"



You kind of hope it is—for good news and good times often come your way by telephone.

Maybe it's a date for sister Sue. Or an important business call for Dad. Or Bill asking if Jimmie can go to the movies. Or Grandma calling Mother

to find out if things are all right. And everything is more likely to be all right when there's a telephone in the home.

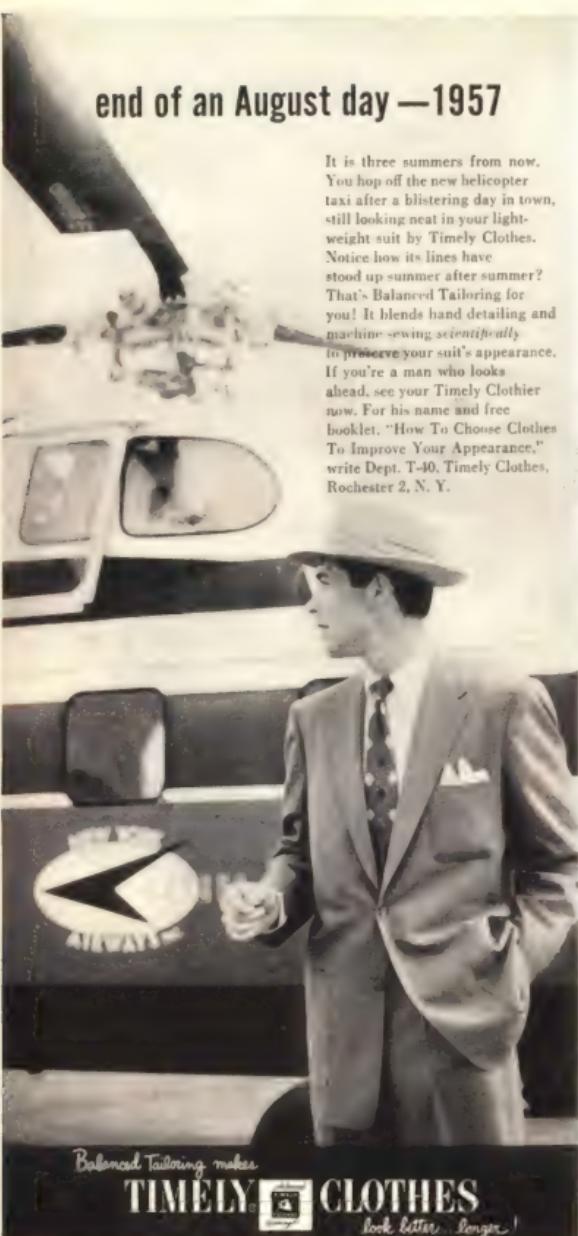
In many, many ways, the telephone is a real friend of the family. And the cost is small—just pennies a call.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LOCAL to serve the community. NATIONWIDE to serve the nation.



end of an August day—1957



It is three summers from now. You hop off the new helicopter taxi after a blistering day in town, still looking neat in your light-weight suit by Timely Clothes. Notice how its lines have stood up summer after summer? That's Balanced Tailoring for you! It blends hand detailing and machine sewing scientifically to preserve your suit's appearance. If you're a man who looks ahead, see your Timely Clothier now. For his name and free booklet, "How To Choose Clothes To Improve Your Appearance," write Dept. T-40, Timely Clothes, Rochester 2, N. Y.

are three broken marriages in my family, all of whom are Catholic.) It is hardly news that Catholics, as well as others, may limit the number of children they have if they wish . . . however disillusioning it may be to her, she should be gently told that membership in the Roman Catholic Church does not guarantee spiritual or moral superiority.

DELPHINE LEARY

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Sir:

. . . There are many Protestants who do not consider themselves "misfits, weaklings, or self-indulgent." I feel that such an insult to my religion cannot go unanswered, and I hope that at least some Roman Catholics do not share her view . . .

MARION SUTHERLAND

Bury, Quebec

Sir:

. . . All converts to Protestantism are not misfits; neither are all converts to Roman Catholicism. There are many people who are searching for something concrete in life, and some find what they seek in the Holy Mother Church, others in the Protestant Church . . . I should like to caution Reader Hugger on her self-righteousness. One should never be too sure of one's religious practices, or the attitudes which lie behind them. Such self-righteousness was what led the Pharisees of old to engineer the crucifixion of Christ

ROBERT C. SUGGS

Greenwich, Conn.

ROTCORPS

Sir:

In the R.O.T.C. story in the April 26 issue, TIME wrote that 3,000 of the 11,000 Air Force R.O.T.C. students who will be graduated in June will not receive commissions . . .

I would like to add a few more details. Those who are not commissioned will be given Certificates of Completion of the R.O.T.C. program. This will entitle them to a reserve A.F. commission upon completion of two years of active duty in any branch of the armed forces within the next four years. It won't matter if they enlist or get called

NICK APPLE

Cadet Major

A.F.R.O.T.C., U.S.C.
Los Angeles

Sir:

Your few words, "although in the '20s and '30s [the R.O.T.C.] was a favorite target of left-wingers and pacifists," recalled the snide remarks and snickers which we met on drill days . . . One such upperclass sage, a wealthy football star, was met in France one spring day in 1945. As the buck sergeant approached me, he smartly saluted, inquired: "Sir, could the Major's name be Hack?"

And there was the Ph. D. in Texas whom I was privileged to promote from private to corporal . . .

MORTON HACK

Detroit

Sir:

The drill is the sloppiest excuse for military precision I've ever seen. My Boy Scout troop was better . . . The classes are stark affairs, usually at the third-grade level . . .

The instructors seem as dissatisfied with their roles as we . . .

There are too many people forced to take it, thus those few who do enjoy the military are thrown in with a great many more who heartily detest it, who give no cooperation. A.F.R.O.T.C. seems to spend most of the class time on discussions of the superiority of an power over naval weapons. Flying is fun, the Army is old-fashioned, etc.

GORDON WHITE

Cornell University
Ithaca, N.Y.

Balanced Tailoring makes

TIMELY  **CLOTHES**

look better longer!

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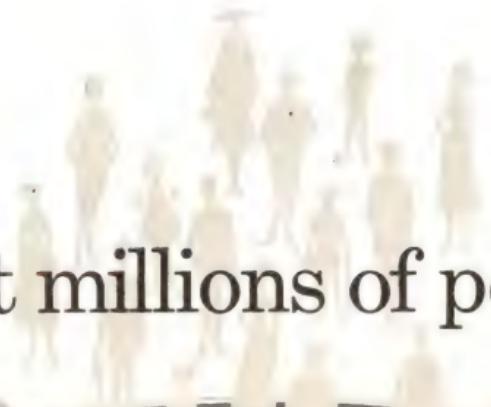
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Just millions of people



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IF YOU could *presselect* the people your advertising reaches you'd be mighty specific. You'd make a careful distinction between casual, run-of-the-mill lookers and genuine, cream-of-the-crop prospects.

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With 4-million families, BH&G is one of America's very largest man-woman magazines. But its selling power goes beyond what even this big circulation indicates.

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You get a *powerful plus* in BH&G from the kind of people who read it, their reasons for reading it—and the action they take from their reading.

Editorial planning preselects the millions who read BH&G for their alertness and progressiveness—for their high income and home ownership—but most of all for their active desire to lead richer, fuller family lives.

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An editorially created buying urge isn't something you can turn on and off like a tap. Naturally and inevitably it carries over to the advertising pages. And here you get another positive advantage of BH&G over any other big advertising medium.

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Add up the advantages of this editorial concept, and you'll see why Better Homes and Gardens should be your Prime Mover of consumer goods and services.

BH&G, of all big media in America, is the *only* one that *screens* its audience for both desire and ability to buy what you have to sell.

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No—this was not one of our building promotions. It was a single editorial feature in the January, 1950 issue of BH&G. People read the issue, bought the plans, built the home. Since then, over 4,000 of these homes have been built, with 5,000 more planned! To our knowledge this is a record without equal in American building. BH&G readers build 7 out of every 10 homes constructed for owner occupancy. And the nation's operative builders, who construct for resale, say that the people who buy their homes mention BH&G more than any other magazine.



Better Homes and Gardens

MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa



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Both shoes available in white with black.

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Reporters who cover international conferences are somewhat like golfers or tennis players who follow the tournament circuit. They are constantly running into familiar faces, former opponents and old friends under new circumstances. They also find some of the same frustrations.

TIME Correspondent John Beal, a veteran of international conferences, is a case in point. At Geneva, Beal found some familiar faces in the Chinese delegation. The first was Chou En-lai, Red China's Premier, Foreign Minister and head of the Geneva delegation. Beal had last dealt with Chou in Nanking in 1946. At the time, Beal was on a leave of absence from TIME to serve as an adviser to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek during the period of the Marshall mission. Beal got to know Chou well during his China stint. "It was there," says he, "that I learned what the Chinese Communists were like. Chou was my teacher. He was in Nanking heading the delegation negotiating with the Nationalist government, and his teaching was so thorough that later I was surprised by nothing that happened in Korea."

Another Geneva figure Beal recognized was the delegation's secretary, Wan Ping-nan, "a heavy, sinister-looking, German-educated Chinese whom I had known in Nanking." One member of the delegation was unidentified by the West for the first three days. On the fourth day of the conference, Beal cabled: "I was able to identify this man for the American delegation as Chang Wen-chin, who served Chou as secretary and English interpreter during the Marshall mission and is in the same capacity here."

Beal also cited an example of the frustrations of any reporter, old acquaintance or not, in dealing with the men from behind the Bamboo Curtain. Said Beal:

To observe the home life of the Chinese delegation I went to dinner at one of their hotels. As they came into the dining room, three men and a woman sat at one table; another group of three men sat next to them. One of these, I felt certain, was the Chang Wen-chin I had known in Nanking. I had seen him get out of the car with Chou and his picture was in the *Paris Herald Tribune* with Chou.

As they ate, Chang passed to the next table a copy of the *Tribune* that he had brought with him, apparently indulging in the bourgeois pleasure of

getting his picture in the paper. There was laughter about it at both tables.

I waited in the lobby until they had finished and accosted Chang. He answered to his name. When I introduced myself, he remembered me from Nanking with what I thought was a friendly but guarded air. Our conversation went like this:

"Well, how is the conference going?"
"I am attending the conference."



Walter Bennett

JOHN BEAL

Chang said, "I have no comment on that."

"Do you still interpret for General Chou, and sit on the floor with him?"

There seemed to be some pride in his affirmative answer to this and I asked, "Does General Chou stay at the villa all the time and come in only to the sessions?"

"He stays at the villa most of the time," said Chang, but he seemed to be a little uncertain of his answer.

I then asked how I could get in touch with my old acquaintance Wan Ping-nan, the secretary of the Chinese delegation. Said Chang: "We have a liaison office at the Beau Rivage. A certain Mr. Kuo is in charge of it."

"Will you tell me a little about your delegation?" I asked.

Chang looked at his watch, said: "I am busy. I must go to my office. I will see you next time."

Says Beal: "I made it a point to visit the Beau Rivage Hotel as soon as possible. But there the certain Mr. Kuo said, 'I don't think I can find Wan Ping-nan.'

"I thanked him and left."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn



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THE COOLEST
is part of the man

ask for the
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•10



Typically American—yet styled from bodies made in Ecuador, and featuring Egyptian cotton bands woven exclusively for Stetson in Italy—Stetson Panalites are amazingly light and airy. Always in style, these world-famous summer hats come in a variety of cool summer colors and distinctive new shapes.

Other Stetson Straws from §5



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WHENEVER the conversation gets around to horsepower, there's one name that men are sure to mention with respect.

That name is CENTURY—and the car which bears it is Buick's bid for supremacy in the performance field.

It's a car with the fleet-lined look of a sports car — on a tidy 122-inch wheelbase, and it tips the scales at 3,666 nimble pounds, as it comes off the assembly line.

But what makes it phenomenal is a combination of maximum power with minimum weight—and a price that gives you more power per dollar than you can get anywhere else in the American market.

Its engine is the mighty 200-horse-power V8 that you find in Buick's 1951 ROADMASTER—but its chassis has been designed for extra compactness.

And mister, when you put this power-to-weight combination together — you have supreme command of the road!

You have, in fact, such supreme command in all driving ranges — such immediate response on getaway and acceleration, such masterful ease in cruising and hill-climbing—you feel safer and surer every mile that you drive.

So we say, "Handle with confidence." The real pride of owning such a car is not in showing others what it can

do — for it's a foregone conclusion that nothing else could touch you.

It's enough to know that the power is there—your obedient servant—to make every mile of normal driving a new experience in effortless ease.

How about asking your Buick dealer to let you take one over, to discover what we mean? He'll be delighted—and so will you.

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Everyone except Dad! Yes, Mom and all the children* travel at half fare and love it. Yes, Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays are Family Half-Fare days on TWA flights in the U.S.A.—days when speed is just as swift and First-Class Constellation luxury is every bit as delightful. It's the thrifty way to vacation fun—the perfect way to take the whole family along when you're called out of town on business. Next trip, let TWA show you how little it takes to make travel by air a family affair.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Will to Victory

Men, millions of them, have died as bravely before—and not long before. The defense and fall of Dienbienphu raised a lump in the world's throat not because the quality of courage displayed there was unique but because Dienbienphu was set apart, catching the eye and the heart by contrast. It was geographically isolated. It was a pitched battle, one of the few in a shapeless, senseless guerrilla war. Tactically, the defense was conducted with a coherent resolution of command: from inside Dienbienphu there came from first to last not a sign of hesitation or doubt about what had to be done.

The contrast that makes Dienbienphu shine so brightly begins not many miles away, where a reconnaissance force—which could have been built up into a relief column by air drops—was crawling from Laos in a quarter-hearted pretense at rescue. The contrast sharpens at Hanoi, where General Navarre held his hand; he did not even try to relieve Dienbienphu, because he feared this might disturb peace negotiations at Geneva. The mood of political Paris favored Navarre's hesitation. Surrounding Paris' attitude was a larger circle of doubt and confusion.

The French, who had never had a clearly defined will to victory in Indo-China, were seriously demoralized when the Americans, on a much more favorable battlefield, settled down to a stalemate and then a truce in Korea. And around that Korean failure lay a still larger setting of weakness: the tendency of the non-Communist world to think of the cold war purely in terms of reaction to enemy action, to "repel aggression."

Given that attitude, the best that the free world can produce, even if all its soldiers are as brave as Dienbienphu's defenders, is more Dienbienphus. "There is no substitute," MacArthur once said bitterly, "for victory." There is a more accurate and a more bitter way of stating it: there are dozens of alluring substitutes for the will to victory—and all of them are poison.

This will to victory—where is it supposed to reside? Again and again the free world's generals, politicians and journalists have complained that the enemy troops show their "fanaticism" while the anti-Communist troops do not. "Fanaticism" is a misleading word. In combat such as that at Dienbienphu there is no



Howard Sochurek—Life

GENERAL DE CASTRIES

He found what the soldier needs.

difference between the courage needed by the attacker and by the defender.

Christian de Castries, great field soldier, was scarcely a fanatic, nor were his hard-bitten French noncoms, or his Germans of the Foreign Legion, or his newly trained Vietnamese. All of these men, from the most widely disparate backgrounds, found—without fanaticism, brainwashing or Communist terror—as much of what the soldier needs as any Red ever showed. What they did not have—and the Communists do—is direction from above, the kind of direction that comes from the will to victory.

The sacrifice at Dienbienphu may turn out to be quite pointless. Whether it does or not depends upon leaders in Paris, London, Washington—and upon the free world's people, many of whom are still addicted to palatable, poisonous substitutes for the will to victory.

THE PRESIDENCY Hot Dog!

One morning last week President Eisenhower strolled through the French doors of his office into the White House rose garden, and found himself hip-deep in schoolchildren. They were Negro and white members of the fifth grade at the

Nishuane Elementary School in Montclair, N.J., and the President had a personal, perhaps a vested, interest in them. After greeting the kids, the President spotted their Negro teacher. He strode over and shook hands. "Hello, Johnny, it's good to see you," he said to John H. Hunt, who was his mess sergeant in World War II.

Four months ago Hunt dropped a note to his old boss in which he said that his pupils would like to visit Washington, but had only five dollars in the class treasury. The President wrote him not to worry about the expenses, assigned his military aide, Lieut. Colonel Robert L. Schulz, to arrange a trip. Who paid the fare was a secret last week, but White House sources guessed that Ike himself had a share in paying it. After shaking hands with Mr. Hunt, the President asked the children where they had been. To the Washington Monument, they said—"up to the top!" Grinned the President: "Hot dog!"

At his press conference earlier in the week, the President was feeling chipper. In the face of gloomy news from Geneva and Dienbienphu, he was still hopefully optimistic, had nothing but complimentary words for John Foster Dulles. He was pleased to note an upturn in the nation's business, but cautioned the reporters against over-optimism.

On Mother's Day, Ike and Mamie made a pilgrimage to Virginia, where the President's mother was born and lived until she was a young woman. In a light drizzle, the presidential plane Columbine set down at Richmond's Byrd Airport. Governor Thomas Stanley and a score of Virginia dignitaries were on hand to meet the Eisenhowers and to escort them to St. Paul's Episcopal Church, where the Richmond Light Infantry Blues were lined up in full dress uniform with plumed shakos. The Blues, an ancient and aristocratic National Guard outfit, were celebrating their 165th anniversary, and Old Soldier Eisenhower had agreed to attend church services with them to mark the occasion.

After lunch at Virginia House, a handsome Tudor mansion on the banks of the James River, Ike and Mamie motored through intermittent rain and hail showers to Fredericksburg, where the President placed a pungent boxwood wreath on the monument to Mary Washington, mother of the first President. In Fredericksburg, Ike met two lively old ladies, Mrs. Julia Link Wine and her twin sister, Mrs. Martha Link Quick, 85, who had gone to

school with Ike's mother and turned out to be his distant cousins. He had come to Fredericksburg, said the President, "to pay tribute to the state which gave Washington his mother and gave me mine." Then, with a parting smile for his newfound cousins, the President got back in his car and drove home to Washington in the rain.

Last week the President:

¶ Welcomed Canada's Governor General Vincent Massey on his three-day state visit to Washington.

¶ Created a "sub-Cabinet," made up of the under secretaries or deputies of the ten Cabinet departments, to implement his team approach to government and give him a new sounding board for ideas and policies. The sub-Cabinet will meet fortnightly at the White House, with the President sitting in whenever possible.

¶ Watched work begin on the White House grounds for a putting green, the gift of the U.S. Golf Association.

¶ Spoke at the Washington convention of the Military Chaplains Association, and pulled a bloopo in patriotic etiquette. When the Marine Band struck up *The Star-Spangled Banner*, the President and the chaplains to his left faced the music; the chaplains to his right faced the American flag. The President & friends were wrong: Public Law 829 stipulates that it is always proper to face the flag, if one is displayed, during the playing of the anthem.

¶ Signed the \$1.9 billion Federal Aid Highway Act, which provides for aid in constructing and improving 40,000 miles of highways.

REPUBLICANS

The Mess in Washington

Republicans went to Washington in January 1953, with a mandate to clean out the mess left by a Democratic Party too long in power. In a way, they succeeded; the aura of graft no longer hangs over the U.S. Government. In other ways, they have failed. Some of the Democratic mess remains. And the Republicans have created some of their own.

Dienbiengphu and Geneva are symbolic of the Republican failure to free foreign policy from the paralyzing, defensive spirit in which the Democratic Administration was caught. Dulles made brilliant progress in redefining U.S. goals, but the gap between definition and practice is still huge.

At home, the President's ambitious legislative program has bogged down. Hawaiian statehood and Taft-Hartley revision, for all practical purposes, are lost for this session of Congress. The Administration, it now appears, will not fight hard for its foreign-trade program—at least not this year. Eisenhower's farm policy is under withering fire. Foreign aid is in trouble, seems in for deep cutbacks. Housing legislation is holed up in a Senate committee. Meanwhile, the most conspicuous sight in Washington is that of Republicans locked in a death struggle with

other Republicans in the Army-McCarthy hearings.

The Washington picture is not only bad; it is worse than it was a few months ago.

Failure in Loyalty. What is wrong? What defects in the Republican Party or its leadership caused these failures and setbacks?

Part of the answer lies in the era 1933-53, when leaders of vastly different opinions were united as Republicans only because they were not Democrats. During this period, the Democratic Party was also sharply divided. But the Democrats were welded by the pressure of an enormous expansion of political power which fired the ambitions of some and nurtured in others a sense of party responsibility. In fact, personal ambition often creates

Senate Republican Conference Chairman Eugene Millikin and House Republican Campaign Committee Chairman Richard Simpson, Leader of the unsuccessful fight against the St. Lawrence Seaway was Maryland's Republican Senator John Marshall Butler, and one of his most active allies was Senate Assistant Majority Leader Everett Saltonstall, an Eisenhower Republican. North Dakota's Republican Senator Milton Young heads the effort to scuttle the Eisenhower farm program. Such Republicans as Nevada's Senator George Malone and North Dakota's Senator William Langer voted against the Administration as a matter of course. The President was able to muster only 14 Republican Senators on the key vote against the Bricker amendment.

¶ Musing on the Republican dilemma, a veteran Republican Senator, who is against renewal of reciprocal trade treaties, said last week: "Eisenhower is telling all of us to suddenly reverse our field and vote directly opposite to the way we've been voting for years—and getting re-elected." Then, with deep conviction, the Senator added: "The first business of a politician is to get elected, and the second business is to get re-elected." The sense that it is an important part of the politician's business to have his party win—as well as to win himself—is not strong in this Senator, or in many of his colleagues.

¶ A Republican Representative from western Kansas fervently believes that Calvin Coolidge was the last solid conservative Republican leader and that Dwight Eisenhower is a puppet of Americans for Democratic Action. The Congressman plans to run this year on an anti-Administration platform, although he is not yet sure that he would be wise to attack the President personally. Says he: "You can cuss Eisenhower, and people get sore. You can say the Administration stinks, and they cheer." The Kansan voted only about 35% pro-Eisenhower last year, and his showing this year will be about the same. For a while, he planned to vote for the St. Lawrence Seaway. Said he: "It won't make five votes difference in my district whether I vote for or against it, so I'll probably vote for it. That way people can't accuse me of not being loyal to my party." But he must have re-counted and found a ten-vote difference because, although his own convictions on the St. Lawrence were nil, he ended up by turning against the President again last week.

¶ Even New Jersey's Senator Alexander Smith, usually an Eisenhower Republican, last week displayed this same lack of party responsibility. As chairman of the Senate Labor Committee, Smith had the duty of helping steer to Senate passage the Administration's Taft-Hartley revision. But after the losing vote—which was a real Administration, and therefore a Republican, defeat—Smith warbled: "I'm just as cheerful as a dickeybird."

Above Party? President Eisenhower is fully aware of his trouble with the dickeybirds. Time and again, he asks his closest



"ANY CONGRESSMAN GOING MY WAY?"

in politicians a sense of party discipline. To get ahead, they have to get along with their fellow leaders, to compromise.

A generation of GOP politicians missed this lesson because they had no chance to practice it. Unable to attain national authority, the G.O.P. Congressman in New Deal-Fair Deal days had only to satisfy the narrow interests of his own constituency; it was every Republican for himself. It still is. The habit of opposition, born during the years of exile, has not been broken. The appropriate charge against Republican Congressmen is not that of venality, or even of personal selfishness. It is that of a failure to understand the meaning of party responsibility, loyalty and discipline which are fundamental to the two-party system. Examples are numerous and startling.

The harshest critic of Republican foreign policy is California's Republican William Knowland, who is also the Senate majority leader. The most powerful opponents of liberalized foreign trade are

advisers, more in anguish than in anger: "What is this party trying to do—commit suicide?" Yet he must share in the accounting; the trouble does not lie exclusively with Capitol Hill. In the U.S. tradition, the President is a party leader. The Republican Party is Ike's instrument for achievement; to use it, he must be of it. If he does not like some aspects of it, he must try to change them. But Ike has often tried to stand above party—and this in itself is a lofty form of party irresponsibility. The last 17 months have shown that he cannot demand of others what he is unwilling to give himself.

Patronage, that familiar lever of presidential leadership, has today only a minute fraction of its former effectiveness. But other levers lie under Eisenhower's hand. The most powerful is his own enormous personal popularity—unequaled in this century except by that of the two Roosevelts. But Ike's popularity contributes nothing to party discipline unless he can bring himself to use it as a whip on Republican Congressmen who oppose his policies. What the Administration needs most, said one of its top (and most politically astute) officials last week, is "a ruthless s.o.b. to run its politics. Don't misunderstand—when I say ruthless and s.o.b., I mean them as words of praise."

Such a man, recognized as the President's spokesman in things political, would be able to go, for instance, to Nevada's Senator Malone and say: "'Molony,' you've consistently voted against us. Name anything you want—you won't get it. You are a so-and-so, but the White House latchstring will be out to you—as soon as you change your ways."

Back in the Bottle. The failure of Republican leadership—especially White House leadership—was strikingly seen in the handling of the McCarthy-Army affair. The President himself last week agreed that the best thing to do would be to call Joe McCarthy as the next and last public witness and then cut off the hearings abruptly, in an effort to bury the hatchet. Implicit in the scheme was the lingering hope that McCarthy could still be pouted back into the party bottle and, in the future, used only against Democrats. But McCarthy has made it abundantly clear that he is not bound by any loyalty to the Republican Party. He does not even aspire to lead it. He simply disregards it.

Unless Eisenhower makes McCarthy feel the weight of reprisal, Joe—and dozens of other Republican Senators—will go blithely on their way, taking care of their own political fences, but refusing to accept an obligation to follow or compromise with the leader upon whom Republican national success depends.

On Sept. 4, 1952, Candidate Dwight Eisenhower told Philadelphians: "I have said, and will say again and again, that there is only one issue in this campaign. That issue is—the Mess in Washington." Unless something is done, and quickly, the mess in Washington will be the major issue of November 1954.

DEMOCRATS Whoops & History

In 1952, Washington was a Republican town, and, therefore, there was no Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner. At least that was the explanation Democrats gave themselves last week as they sat down to the 1954 Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner—in Washington. In the Mayflower Hotel ballroom, 1,450 Democrats, each of them \$100 the poorer for the privilege, agreed that Republicans know nothing about running a government.

This new Democratic self-confidence causes Party Chairman Steve Mitchell to worry. He thinks all Democratic candidates should run scared this fall; that way the party will sustain activity at the local level. But at the dinner Mitchell

what the Vice President said . . . 'Isn't it wonderful that finally we have a Secretary of State who isn't taken in by the Communists, who stands up to them?' Maybe he never really said it. Possibly it was his famous dog Checkers. But Fala would never have said that."

Two days later, the Democrats were whooping again. By then, they had moved to New York City, a Democratic town. It was Harry Truman's 70th birthday. By way of celebration (and, incidentally, to benefit the Harry S. Truman Library in Independence, Mo.), a cut-rate \$70-a-plate dinner was held in the sprawling Waldorf-Astoria ballroom.

Truman spoke of the importance of Presidents. "The pages of history," he said, "unfolded powers in the presidency not explicitly found in Article II of the



DEMOCRATS TRUMAN, MITCHELL & JOHNSON
Excelsior, Folio and Article II.

United Press

seemed to enjoy the rousing, gleeful speeches.

Adlai Stevenson was not present because of "a geological expedition into my interior," his way of explaining an operation for kidney stones. But Harry Truman was. Off the cuff, Harry cracked jokes for ten minutes and, turning serious, warned: "We can't have the friendship of the free world if we are going to insult our friends and allies."

But it was Texas' Lyndon Johnson, Senate Democratic leader, who sounded the war whoop. "I don't wish to give the impression that Congress has been idle," he scoffed. "Far from it. We have solved the vital problem of who cut the colonel out of the photograph and left the private in."

Attacking the Administration's foreign policy, he cried: "We have been caught bluffing by our enemies . . . We stand in clear danger of being left naked and alone in a hostile world . . . You remember

Constitution." In developing this theme, Truman gave his successor some pointed advice. "Out of . . . the political arena, a new and different President emerged—the man who led a political party to victory and retained in his hands the power of party leadership. That is, he retained it, like the sword Excalibur, if he could wrest it from the block and wield it." Presidential words carry great weight, said the ex-President, but they must be backed up by action. "Today there is the same need for a combination of words and action concerning the hysteria about Communism . . . It is not the business of Congress to run the agencies of government . . . A successful administration is one of strong presidential leadership. Weak leadership—or no leadership—produces failure, often disaster."

Thus inspired, the Democrats left the Waldorf, determined to act on their premonition that, as a Republican town, Washington's days are numbered.



COMMITTEE'S EXECUTIVE SESSION*
From the center of the table, the voice of a lion.

INVESTIGATIONS The Terror of Tellico Plains (See Cover)

For the twelfth day, Secretary of the Army Robert Ten Broeck Stevens sat, grey-faced, before the stare of the television cameras. Across a crouched pack of news photographers, he faced the glower of Senator Joe McCarthy. The Secretary's right eye blinked irregularly and his right cheek twitched as he tried to follow the curves and hooks in McCarthy's questions. Using all of his formidable tricks of cross-examination, the Senator was trying to confuse the Secretary into a key admission: he wanted Stevens to say that McCarthy & Co. had never "threatened" the Army in an effort to get special treatment for G. David Schine, the drafted McCarthy consultant.

Suddenly, from the center of the investigation committee's table, there came a voice that sounded somewhat like the tired moan of a laryngitic lion. Ray Jenkins, the committee's special counsel, abruptly interrupted the Senator from Wisconsin and took over the questioning. In the next ten minutes, while McCarthy squirmed, scribbled, glared and tried to interrupt, Jenkins led Stevens through a sharp series of questions and answers that brought the Army's case back into clear focus after days of obfuscation.

The Intertwined Pattern. Had not Roy Cohn, McCarthy's chief counsel, proclaimed a "declaration of war" against the Army? He had. Had not Cohn said the McCarthy committee "would investigate the Army from now on?" He had. Did Stevens regard that as a threat? He did.

Jenkins: Did you have in mind at that time that many different requests had been made of you by some members of the McCarthy investigating committee for preferences of Schine?

Stevens: I had it in mind.

Q: Including a direct request from the Senator for a commission for Schine?

A: Yes, sir . . .

Q: I believe you . . . stated that in addition to . . . 65 telephone calls there

were 19 personal contacts by the McCarthy investigating committee with reference to Schine. Is that correct?

A: That is right . . .

Q: Then in the light of those personal contacts and those telephone calls, were those words uttered by . . . Mr. Cohn, weighty words in your mind, and conveying a threat . . . against the Army . . . ?

A: That's right.

As Jenkins led Stevens on through the heart of the Army case, McCarthy broke in ("Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman . . . Just a minute! Just a minute! Just a minute!"), frantically trying to shut off Stevens' testimony. Chairman Karl Mundt ruled that Jenkins' questions were proper. The big man from Tennessee went on.

© Clockwise: Missouri's Symington; Cohn; Charles Maner, assistant to Counsel Jenkins; Jenkins; Illinois' Dirksen; Idaho's Dworshak; Michigan's Potter; Washington's Jackson; Arkansas' McClellan; Chairman Mundt

Jenkins: I'll ask you whether or not in those telephone conversations there were discussions not only with reference to Schine but with reference to the McCarthy investigating committee's work at Fort Monmouth. Were those two subjects discussed in the same conversations?

Stevens: Yes, they were . . .

Q: So that the conversations with reference to the investigation of Monmouth and with reference to Schine were intertwined, so to speak, in one telephone conversation . . . ?

A: Yes, sir . . .

Q: Now, Mr. Secretary, is that why you say that you regard the whole thing, all of these contacts . . . as constituting one pattern . . . of unfair or unusual requests for preferences for Schine . . . ?

A: That is correct.

Five Unfitted Hats. The minutes that Counsel Jenkins spent bringing Secretary of the Army Stevens out of the woods on that day last week were probably his finest moments since the hearings began. The episode was not a show of partisanship on Ray Jenkins' part; it was a sharp illustration of his firm determination to bring some order out of a welter of confusion. Throughout much of the investigation Jenkins has not been eminently successful in accomplishing that worthy purpose. But he has a job in which success is not easily attained.

In the 162-year history of congressional investigations,¹⁰ few men have found themselves in the midst of so complicated a situation. Jenkins is called upon to wear

* Secretary Stevens may find some (if only a little) consolation in the fact that the grand-daddy of all congressional investigations was directed at an Army chief. In 1792 the House established the first congressional investigating committee in U.S. history to probe the massacre of Major General Arthur St. Clair's Indian fighting army near the Ohio-Indiana border. St. Clair, whose command of 2,000 had been largely "purchased from prisons, wheelbarrows and brothels at \$2 a month," resigned his commission, but was eventually exonerated. By remarkable coincidence, a direct descendant of the general, Boston lawyer James St. Clair, is assistant counsel for Secretary Stevens.



Culver
GENERAL ST. CLAIR
By a remarkable coincidence.

five hats, and not one of them is an exact fit. One moment the Army is the plaintiff and Jenkins represents it; quickly the Army is in the defendant's role and Jenkins speaks for it again. He performs the same double service for the McCarthy group. In addition, he must sit as a judge on legal points. There has been nothing like it since Alec Guinness played eight parts in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*.

Another complicating factor is the lack of a clear objective in the present hearings. Most congressional investigations, for record at least, are aimed toward a legislative result.* But in the inquiry

* Said the U.S. Supreme Court in the Teapot Dome case in 1927: "The only legitimate object the Senate could have in ordering the investigation was to aid it in legislating . . ."

Jenkins is trying to navigate, only three possible ultimate results are apparent, and none is legislative. They are: 1) perjury charges, 2) the political demise of one or more principals, 3) public education.

In this situation Ray Jenkins must hold an impartial course, and impartiality is hard to prove. When he was conducting his direct examination of Secretary of the Army Stevens, a woman wired him: YOU ARE FAIR AND IMPARTIAL. MAY GOD GIVE YOU STRENGTH. When he put on one of his other hats, and began a vigorous cross-examination of the Secretary, the woman sent a second message: DISREGARD WIRE ASKING GOD TO GIVE YOU STRENGTH.

Both sides of the case have already protested Jenkins' vigorous cross-examination. At one point, Stevens' counsel

Joseph Nye Welch spoke up: "Mr. Jenkins, this is not a murder trial; you are examining the Secretary of the Army . . . This witness is entitled to at least ordinary courtesy." Within a few hours, during cross-examination of Private Schine, Joe McCarthy was saying: "I want to make a very strong point of order that this is the most improper exhibition I have ever seen."

At about that stage of the proceedings Washington correspondents, who had been skeptical, began to believe Jenkins' statement that he was neutral—a man who had come out of the Tennessee hills to get the truth.

Con & Lum. It is literally true that Ray Howard Jenkins came out of the hills, but that was twoscore years ago. He was born in 1897 at Unaka, on the

THE OTHER JOE

THIS ARMY'S counsel is easily the smoothest performer, and perhaps the ablest lawyer, in the McCarthy-Army hearings. By the merest tilt of his ample nose, Joseph Nye Welch conveys to millions of television viewers his utter disdain or disbelief; with a gentle pressure of fingertips on his lips or an amused sparkle in his eye, he semaphores an attack that will baffle Roy Cohn or disconcert Joe McCarthy.

Deliverance from Temptation. Though Welch is a superb actor, he is no lightweight; he has a foxy, seasoned legal mind. With 35 years of courtroom fencing behind him, Welch has a sharp eye for phonies. It was he who first recognized the doctored photograph for what it was: last week he was the first to spot McCarthy's spurious "FBI letter" (see above).

Though at 63 Joe Welch has the manner of a Louisville Square patrician, he comes from the plainest Midwestern pioneer stock. Both his parents were English-born. Father William Welch ran away to sea at 14, wandered the world for 15 years (including a three-month hitch with the British army during the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857), finally immigrated to his brother's farm in Illinois and married the hired girl. William Welch was a simple man and good, but in his years at sea, he developed an abiding affection for the bottle. Martha Welch decided to remove him from temptation, so she transplanted her family to a farm near Primghar, Iowa, where there were no saloons. There, in 1860, Joseph, the youngest of William and Martha Welch's seven children, was born.

The Welches were poor, and as a boy Joe worked hard. His great pleasure, even then, was to slip down to the courthouse and watch the trials. "I was impressed by the fact that a lawyer could say something and then say, 'Strike it out,'" Welch recalls. "That seemed to me to be a particularly godlike quality." After two years of clerking in a real estate office, he entered Grinnell College with \$600 that he had saved. Summers, he stored up money for more education by selling state maps from door to door for \$1.95 (Joe got the dollar). On foot, bicycle and horse & buggy, he traveled through the Middle West to New York and Pennsylvania each summer. "It was hateful, hard work," says Welch, but it helped him to understand people. "It ranks above, or with, my law school training in value."

Backyard Chat. Welch finished at Grinnell with a Phi Beta Kappa key on his watch chain and a \$600 Harvard scholarship in his pocket. "The night before I was to leave for Harvard Law School," he recalls, "my father and I went out back to attend to our needs before we went to bed, and then he got a drink of water at the pump and sat down stiffly. I knew that meant I was to sit down, too."

"Josie," he said, "You're going off to Harvard?"

"That's right."

"That's a long way, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's a long way."

"Somewhere in Michigan?"

"No, it's near Boston—or maybe in Boston," I said. "Maybe you were there while you were at sea." Yes, he thought he was.

"It'll take a heap of money, won't it?"

"I said yes, it would, and he said, 'You know that little grey box up on the shelf? Well, you go in and get it.' I did, and he had me cup my hands while he dumped the contents into them. There was \$10—all he had, his savings of 14 years, and he gave it all to me."

At Harvard, Welch was a brilliant member of the class of 1917. He continued to sell maps in the summer. In Boston he met Judith Lyndon, a lively Georgia girl attending Emerson College. In 1917, he and Judith were married.

After a brief tour as an Army private in World War I, Welch settled down with the eminent Boston legal firm of Hale & Dorr, has been there ever since. Immediately, he began to build a reputation among lawyers as one of the shrewdest, soundest attorneys in the city.

Neckties Galore. A Republican, Welch has never been active in politics or civic affairs. Twenty-five years ago he took a spacious Colonial house in nearby Walpole. (The Welches have two married sons, three granddaughters.) Although he has an air of studied carelessness, Welch is actually something of a dandy, owns 18 suits, 18 pairs of slacks. He owns more than 150 neckties, all bows. Once, when the Welches were vacationing at Lake Winnipesaukee, the house in Walpole was looted. Joe was horrified when he had to make out a list of his losses. "I cannot admit that I have 150 neckties," he groaned, so he told the police that 75 were stolen.

At home, Welch is a thermometer-watcher (he has twelve around the house), a single-minded Carrom and cribbage player (he hates to lose), a relaxed fisherman and a crack shot with a rifle. He took up gardening during World War II when gas rationing cut off his golf. His wife suggested that victory gardening was patriotic, and Welch agreed to try it if she would make a hard bargain with him: he would garden (which he detests) if she would drink beer (which she detests) with him. So the Welches spent their weekends with rake and hoe, diligently working in the hot sun, with time out for beer in the shade, each suffering alternately.

When Joe McCarthy finally takes the stand (presumably this week), Joe Welch will be primed and ready for the legal battle of his life.

North Carolina side of the Great Smokies. His father, Columbus Sheridan Jenkins, known to his friends as "Lum," was a country doctor. By the time Ray was eleven, the family had moved across the mountains to Tellico Plains, Tenn. (pop. 833), in the wild-boar country. At that early date Ray had already begun to show respect for the value of evidence. When he sneaked away to take a forbidden swim, he found that his wet hair always gave him away. He had his head shaved; today, he wears a crew cut.

From his early boyhood, Ray always wanted to have a job of some kind, although he did not have to work. At times this was embarrassing to the comfortably situated Jenkins family. One crisis came when Grandfather John Canada Jenkins, a revenue known to his friends as "Can," came to Tellico Plains with his second bride. Widowed in middle age, Can had written to seven matrimonial agencies, had wooed and won a mail-order bride from Kentucky, and planned to bring her to Tellico Plains on the Sunday morning train. At the time, Ray was running a shoeshine stand in the town square where Can and his bride would surely pass in the surrey on the way from the station. Ray was ordered to take that day off because Can didn't want his bride to know she had married a man whose grandson shined shoes. The boy didn't want to give up a whole day's profits, so he worked until he heard the train whistle, then folded up his stand and hid around the corner. After Can and his bride passed, Ray went back to work.

A few years later, when Ray was spending his summers working in a lumberyard in Tellico Plains, one of his co-workers was another lanky Monroe County boy named Estes Kefauver. Estes was a lumber handler, hoisting it into freight cars. Ray was a grader, checking lumber as it was piled in the cars. Says Tennessee's Senator Kefauver: "I was always kind of envious of him. He could stay in the boxcar where it was cool; I had to stay out in the sun."

Before the McCarthy v. Army hearings, Jenkins' most important connection with the military was a stint in the Army on the Mexican border in 1916, another stint in the Navy during World War I. He thought about becoming a professional baseball pitcher (he had a wicked spitball), but he kept his eye on the law. Always a top scholar, he passed the bar examinations a year before he finished at the University of Tennessee's law school. One of his first jobs in a law office, like the assignment that brought him onto the national scene, had to do with an investigation. He was an older attorney's leg man in the investigation of mismanagement at the Knoxville General Hospital. Result of the investigation: a thorough shake-up at the hospital.

Roar & Croon. Around the courthouses of East Tennessee, Jenkins soon became known as a great trial lawyer. Although he makes most of his income (\$60,000 last year) from civil suits, his Tennessee

fame has come from criminal cases. In his 34 years of practice, he has been on one side or the other (usually the defense) in some 600 homicide cases. There was hardly a murder or rape case in Knoxville in the past 20 years without Ray Jenkins on one side or the other.

Watching Jenkins perform at the committee table in Washington, the U.S. television audience will not see him at his best. His most spectacular performances are his final arguments to juries. He pulls his big (6 ft. 3 in., 195 lbs.) rawboned frame out of his chair, opens his coat, loosens his tie, unbuttons his shirt

in an automobile accident) on a stretcher. A nurse and a doctor stood by, interrupting McNew's testimony to administer medications. After McNew faintly testified that photographers had hounded him, Jenkins argued that McNew had a "mental explosion" when one cameraman finally caught up with him. Said the jury: not guilty.

Two years ago, in a case that was followed tensely in Tennessee, Jenkins defended a Negro youth who had stabbed a white man to death. The prosecution contended that the boy had stabbed his victim in the back, and asked the death penalty. Jenkins proved that the white man was the aggressor, that he suddenly turned his back to get another weapon just as the fatal blow struck. The jury took only a few minutes to acquit the boy.

From such cases Jenkins draws a basic part of his philosophy: "You can always defend a man who kills a bully. You make the jury so damned mad that they want to dig up the body and kill the s.o.b. all over again."

The Barking Dog. The references to espionage in the current investigation are not Jenkins' first brush with that subject. In 1950 he was appointed by a federal judge to defend Alfred Dean Slack, who was accused of delivering secret information from the Holston Ordnance Works at Kingsport, Tenn., to a Communist agent. On advice of counsel, Slack pleaded guilty, was sentenced to 15 years. Then he appealed, contending that Jenkins had not advised him properly. The Circuit Court, ruling that Jenkins had done his job well, gave him an unusual accolade. Said the opinion: "[Jenkins] has earned and enjoys a fine reputation for professional ethics and personal integrity, and is generally regarded as one of the ablest trial lawyers in Tennessee . . ."

Jenkins was about to go to court in a case involving a barking dog^a when he was called to Washington to handle the case involving Joe McCarthy. An old acquaintance, Illinois Senator Everett Dirksen, had suggested him for the job. After the call came, Ray broke the news to Partners Erby and Aubrey Jenkins (brothers, but no kin to Ray) with the preface: "The most fantastic thing has happened."

Many Washington politicians and pundits thought it fantastic that a man of Jenkins' profession and stature had not formed an opinion on Senator Joe McCarthy. But in Knoxville, this was not hard to understand. During his working hours, Jenkins is a busy lawyer absorbed in his cases; during weekends, he is a gentleman farmer who likes to roam over his 520 acres on the Little Tennessee River, rejoicing in his herd (150 head) of Herefords. In the fall he never misses a University of Tennessee football game, wears the same lucky green tie to every one. (Says he: "I'd rather go to a Tennessee game without my pants than without



MCNEW SHOOTING PHOTOGRAPHER

Said the jury: not guilty.

collar, strides up and down before the jury box. At times he laughs, then he sneers, and then he seems to be on the verge of tears; first his voice roars out of the courtroom and echoes through the corridors, then it is a barely audible croon. Before he is through, the sweat is rolling down in rivers on his face and dripping from his chin to the floor. His style has gained him a nickname: 'The Terror of Tellico Plains.'

One of Jenkins' most publicized cases was his defense of Ed McNew, a camera-shy professional bondsman accused of shooting at a Knoxville newspaper photographer. The photographer produced a solid piece of evidence to support a charge of assault with intent to kill: a clear picture of McNew shooting at him. After postponing the case as long as possible, Jenkins produced McNew (who had been

^a Annoyed by the dog's barking at night, a Tennessean had fired his shotgun into the master's bedroom.

NEWS IN PICTURES



ARMY SECRETARY STEVENS FLANKED BY LAWYERS ST. CLAIR (LEFT) AND WELCH

Photo by Hank Walker—Life



COUNSEL WELCH AT WITNESS TABLE DURING ARMY TESTIMONY AT HEARINGS

Photo by Hank Walker—Life



COUNSEL JENKINS QUESTIONING WITNESS AT HIS COMMITTEE-TABLE MICROPHONE

Photo by Hank Walker—Life



SENATOR McCARTHY WITH STAFF DIRECTOR CARR (LEFT) AND CHIEF COUNSEL COHN



COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN MUNDT CONFERRING WITH COUNSEL JENKINS AND DEMOCRATS' SENATOR McCLELLAN

that tie.") Aside from the farm and football, his chief recreation is spinning yarns about his courtroom experiences. Such a man could easily avoid being intense about McCarthy.

In East Tennessee, Jenkins' debut as a national television personality was an exciting event. One of the Knoxville television stations reversed its policy and went on the air before noon. At the county courthouse a television set was set up in a domestic-relations-court office and the shades were drawn. Out at Tellico Plains, Mayor Charles Hall put a set in a storage room next to his furniture store, lined up boxes, benches and chairs, drew an overflow crowd.

At the Jenkins' red brick mansion in fashionable Sequoyah Hills, where there had been no television set until the week that the call came from Washington, Mrs. Eva Jenkins watched with fascination. In their 28 years of marriage, she had never before seen her husband trying a case. After a few days of TV, she flew to Washington to watch him in person.

Lessons in Washington. While she was in the capital, Eva Jenkins saw little of her husband outside the hearing room. He was working an 18-hour day, holding conferences, interviewing witnesses, and studying the case after the public sessions ended. At first there was more homework than he was able to do. He had arrived in Washington with astonishingly little knowledge of the issues, procedures and pitfalls. One example of his lack of background: he did not realize that there was serious dispute about the merit of whether Joe McCarthy's headline-grabbing hearings at Fort Monmouth had been harmful. At first, Jenkins' questioning was based on the assumption that McCarthy's Fort Monmouth foray was a great service to the U.S., but he soon dropped that line in favor of an impartially open mind on the point.

While he learned fast, Jenkins missed a lesson or two. McCarthy's doctored picture, which he accepted at face value, should have made him wary of all McCarthy exhibits. Yet a week later he accepted McCarthy's phony "FBI letter" with the assumption that it was authentic. As the letter furor mounted, he grew more cautious. He gave no one, not even McCarthy or Chairman Mundt, warning that he planned to call McCarthy to the witness stand.

As a congressional investigation counsel, Jenkins has had to overcome some of his normal techniques. In this case he is supposed to expedite and clarify; sometimes he seems to drop back into the criminal lawyer's bent for diverting and throwing dust. His flowing language is sometimes confusing, and his booming courtroom voice hit the microphones so hard that electricians installed a special guard to keep his mouth at least two inches away. At first, while points of order mounted to disorder, he seemed to be waiting for the judge to stop the nonsense, not realizing that he could prompt Chairman Mundt to bang the gavel.

What Next for Ray? Now that he has been televised to national prominence, politicians in Washington and Tennessee are asking: What next for Ray Jenkins? He probably stands a chance of gaining more than any other participant in the hearings (but not financially: he is being paid \$225 a week). At home, Republicans have already begun urging him to run for the U.S. Senate this year against his old lumber-loading pal Estes Kefauver. Jenkins has the G.O.P. nomination for the asking.

A lifelong Republican, Jenkins has dabbled a bit in politics (e.g., Tennessee manager for Wendell Willkie in 1940), but his name has never been on a ballot. He was a Taftman until the 1952 G.O.P. convention began, and then he flew to Chicago and urged the Tennessee delegation to get behind Eisenhower, "a man



Lion Lorsen—LIFE
NEIGHBOR KEFAUVER
A hard life, actually.

who can win." His present attitude about politics is expressed in a characteristically long and rolling comment, which begins: "Apparently my friends are much more interested in my running for the U.S. Senate than I am . . . It's conceivable that the time may come when I feel I could be of service to my country by seeking public office." This seems to add up to one word: maybe.

The maybe has not escaped Estes Kefauver, who knows what television can do for a man. Last week Estes and Mrs. Jenkins met on the plane to Knoxville. The Senator was going down to make a speech. Mrs. Jenkins was going back to open their house for Tennessee's "historical homes pilgrimage." (The mansion was built by her father, the late Dr. W. S. Nash, an eminent Knoxville surgeon.) In his casual way, Senator Kefauver allowed that Washington really wasn't a very pleasant place for a Senator's family. All those social affairs to attend, whether

one wanted to or not. And friends moving away just when one has begun to count on them. A hard life, actually.

This may have been a smart bit of early-stage campaigning by Kefauver, but there is no reason to think that it was effective. It is not likely that Ray Jenkins, having burst upon the national scene, will retreat to the courtrooms of East Tennessee, never to assault a network microphone again. Jenkins is a man with a natural flair for politics. In the lobbies and dining rooms of Washington he shakes hands, signs autographs, and pats children just as readily as does his old pal Estes. If he could arouse enough Tennesseans to believe that Kefauver has marched too often with the Yankee liberals, Jenkins might become U.S. Senator from Tennessee.

Estes Kefauver can talk all he wants about how hot it is in the sun and how shady in the boxcar, but he had better not complain too much about life in Washington.

The Bogus Letter

In addition to refocusing the basic issue in the Army's case against McCarthy (*see above*), last week's testimony brought out an even more important conflict: McCarthy v. the U.S. Constitution.

With appropriate rumblings and trumpet sounds, McCarthy produced a carbon copy of what he said was a 21-page "letter" sent and signed by the FBI's J. Edgar Hoover to Army intelligence on Jan. 26, 1951, warning against a number of subversives employed by the Army Signal Corps. McCarthy's point was that this letter was in the Army files when Stevens took office (on Feb. 4, 1953) and that Stevens had ignored it.

The letter turned out to be spurious—at least in form. After testimony that there was no such letter in the Army files and that J. Edgar Hoover said he had sent no such letter, McCarthy was put on the stand by Ray Jenkins and suffered a humiliating cross-examination at the hands of Army Counsel Joe Welch.

Welch: Do you understand that J. Edgar Hoover sent to the Army a document two-and-one-fourth pages in length? Just say yes or no.

McCarthy: I don't know how many documents—

Welch: Let's face up to it, Senator. Do you understand that J. Edgar Hoover sent to the Army a document two-and-one-fourth pages in length?

McCarthy: So far as the document of Jan. 26 is concerned, the answer is no.

Elementary & Sweeping. The interesting news that McCarthy's team had followed up a doctored photograph with a doctored letter was accompanied by some even more interesting disclosures. The bogus letter was based upon a 15-page memorandum sent by the FBI to the Army and was marked "confidential." The memo was headed: To Maj. Gen. A. R. Bolling, from John Edgar Hoover, and bore no signature. (The bogus letter was headed "Sir," was signed "Sincerely



Herblock © 1954 The Washington Post Co.

yours, J. Edgar Hoover, Director" and was marked "Personal and Confidential." McCarthy testified that he got the letter from an officer in Army intelligence. From the witness stand, McCarthy announced: "I will not under any circumstances reveal the source of any information . . . People who give me information from within the Government know that their confidence will not be violated. It will not be violated today."

Although McCarthy had said he would not divulge his source even if the committee ordered him to do so, Counsel Jenkins made a sweeping ruling that seemed to let Joe off the hook. Said Jenkins: "It is elementary that the Senator does not have to reveal the name of his informant . . . Otherwise, law-enforcement officers would be so hamstrung . . . that they would never be able to ferret out crime."

Hagrant & Systematic. Was this ruling good law? This week Pundit Walter Lippmann explored the implications of McCarthy's position and Jenkins' ruling. Said Lippmann:

"Mr. Jenkins upheld Senator McCarthy's claim that Government employees, including officers of the Army, are not bound by their oath or by the laws [against disclosing confidential information] or by any ties of loyalty to their superiors or to the service if—in their own private and secret opinion—it would be a good thing to break the law. . . ."

"It was in accord with this very principle . . . that Fuchs and Alan Nunn May and the Rosenbergs acted . . ."

Lippmann argued that Jenkins' ruling went wrong when he classed Senator McCarthy with "law-enforcing officers," who do not have to reveal their sources.

"The fundamental error at the root of the McCarthy problem," said Lippmann, "is to assume that a committee of the legislative branch of the Government [is made up of] 'law-enforcing' officers who 'ferret out crime.'"

Lippmann argued that it was the function of the Executive branch to enforce the law and ferret out crime. He concluded: "McCarthyism is fundamentally unconstitutional in spirit and in practice.

The American Government cannot be made to work if its fundamental principle [of separate branches] is flagrantly and systematically violated. It is systematically and flagrantly violated if the Legislature takes upon itself the law-enforcing function of the Executive."

Doctored & Fabricated. Would Lippmann's view impair Congress' ancient and valuable right of investigation? Not necessarily. Congress has a right to inquire into how well its laws are enforced and to loosen or tighten laws if it finds enforcement unsatisfactory. But Congress has no right to encourage—as McCarthy has encouraged—violations of law and loyalty on the part of officers and employees of the Executive branch. It has no right to set up a network of spies in the Executive branch, demoralizing it and creating a situation where the Secretary of the Army, for example, cannot function except as a Senator pleases. First the spies produce what they consider evidence. Then they produce doctored evidence. Next they may well produce purely fabricated evidence. And even the investigating Senators will in the end be victimized by the unconstitutional and un-American system they have created.

THE CONGRESS

The Plunge

Where previous Congresses for 40 years have merely wetted a toe and walked away, the House of Representatives last week took a momentous plunge: it approved the St. Lawrence Seaway project.

Since the Senate did likewise last January, the final political obstacle was removed from the great engineering dream which would make seaports of such cities as Toledo, Buffalo and Toronto.

Ever since he became a member of the old Rivers & Harbors Committee in 1933, Michigan's Congressman George Anthony Dondero has championed the seaway. As Public Works Committee chairman, he steered the bill through the House this year despite continued opposition from Atlantic and Gulf ports and from the railroad interests. Two recent developments finally dispelled congressional timidity: 1) the steel industry's ever-growing dependence on Labrador ore, which could be cut off by enemy submarines as long as it must be shipped through East Coast ports, and 2) Canada's decision to build the seaway by itself unless the U.S. joins now.

When victory came, on a vote of 241 to 158, Speaker Joe Martin handed his gavel to Dondero and said: "Here. After 20 years, you deserve it." Later, old (70) George Dondero happily said, "At that moment, I was up in the clouds."

Dondero's bill calls for a 27-ft. channel in the St. Lawrence, deep enough for medium-size seagoing vessels. Probable cost:⁸ to Canada, \$200 million; to the

U.S., \$105 million, which the Treasury expects to recoup from toll charges. Eventually, by dredging the Detroit, St. Clair and St. Mary's rivers, ocean shipping may be able to reach Duluth and Canadian towns in the western reaches of Lake Superior.

This week President Eisenhower is expected to sign the bill into law and start setting up the St. Lawrence Seaway Development Corp. to handle negotiations with Canada and supervise construction. Six years from now, if all goes well, ocean freighters will be churning upstream from Montreal.

Last week the Senate:

¶ Resolved, without dissent, to set up a chapel in the Capitol. Explained Oklahoma Democrat Mike Monroney, the project's sponsor, "We've got Turkish baths, private dining rooms and automatic-type writing rooms, but no place to pray."

¶ Shelved, 50-42. Administration-sponsored amendments to the Taft-Hartley Act. Arrayed against the bill were 46 Democrats, Wayne Morse and three Republicans (Nevada's saturnine George Malone, both North Dakota Senators—pro-laborite William Langer and anti-laborite Milton Young). The vote was a blow to the Eisenhower legislative program. But it also exposed Democrats to the charge of voting in favor of a Taft-Hartley status quo.

MANNERS & MORALS The Lecturer's Spring

The late Dylan Thomas, one of the best poets of his generation, could also write and speak lively, perceptive prose. Last October, home between U.S. lecture tours, Welshman Thomas recorded a broadcast for the BBC. Last week in the BBC's magazine *The Listener*, U.S. citizens got a chance to read what Thomas had to say about "A Visit to America."



Tal. L. Jones

THE LATE DYLAN THOMAS
He found the Irish leprechaun.

⁸ Not including the \$600 million hydroelectric power project which will be built jointly by Ontario and New York.

"Across the United States of America, from New York to California and back, glazed, again, for many months of the year, there streams and sings for its heady supper a dazed and prejudiced procession of European lecturers, scholars, sociologists, economists, writers, authorities on this and that and even, in theory, on the United States of America . . ."

No Escape. "At first, confused and shocked by shameless profusion and almost shamed by generosity, unaccustomed to such importance as they are assumed, by their hosts, to possess, and up against the barrier of a common language, they write in their notebooks like demons, generalizing away, on character and culture and the American political scene. But, towards the middle of their middle-aged whisk through middle-western clubs and universities, the fury of the writing flags . . . And in their diaries more & more do such entries appear as 'No way of escape!' or 'Buffalo!' or 'I am beaten,' until at last they cannot write a word. And, twittering all over, old before their time, with eyes like rissoles in the sand, they are helped up the gangway of the home-bound liner by kind bosom friends (of all kinds and bosoms) who bolster them on the back, pick them up again, thrust bottles, sonnets, cigars, addresses, into their pockets, have a farewell party in their cabin, pick them up again, and, snickering and yelping, are gone: to wait at the dock-side for another boat from Europe and another batch of fresh, green lecturers.

"There they go, every spring, from New York to Los Angeles: exhibitionists, polemicists, histrionic publicists, theological rhetoricians, historical-hoddy-doddies, balleromaniacs, ulterior decorators, windbags and bigwigs and humbugs, men in love with stamps, men in love with steaks, men after millionaires' widows, men with elephantiasis of the reputation (huge trunks and teeny minds), authorities on gas, bishops, best-sellers, editors looking for writers, writers looking for publishers, publishers looking for dollars, existentialists, serious physicists with nuclear missions, men from the BBC who speak as though they had the Elgin marbles in their mouths, pot-boiling philosophers, professional Irishmen (very lepri-corn), and, I am afraid, fat poets with slim volumes . . .

"See the garrulous others, also, gabbing and garlanded from one nest of culture-vultures to another: people selling the English way of life and condemning the American way as they swig and guzzle through it; people resurrecting the theories of surrealism for the benefit of remote parochial female audiences who did not know it was dead, not having ever known it had been alive: people talking about Etruscan pots and pans to a bunch of dead pans and wealthy pots in Boston

"Did we pass one another, en route, all unknowing, I wonder: one of us spray-eyed, with clean, white lectures and a soul he could call his own, going buoyantly west to his remunerative doom in the

great state university factories; another returning dog-eared as his clutch of poems and his carefully typed impromptu aside? I ache for us both. There one goes, unsullied as yet, in his Pullman pride, toying—oh, boy!—with a blunderbuss bourbon, being smoked by a large cigar, riding out to the wide open spaces of the faces of his waiting audience . . ."

Verbal Ectoplasm. "He is vigorously welcomed at the station by an earnest, crew-cut platoon of giant collegiates, all

with a tray of martinis and lyrics. And there goes the other happy poet bedraggled back to New York which struck him all of a sheepish never-sleeping heap at first but which seems to him now, after the ulcerous rigors of a lecturer's spring, a haven cozy as toast, cool as an icebox, and safe as skyscrapers."

One month after recording his rollicking valedictory, at the beginning of a lecture tour (TIME, Nov. 16), Poet Thomas, 39, died in New York.



DONALD HOWARD & FAMILY AT TRUMBULL PARK
On nice evenings, rocks and rampage.

Ebony Magazine

RACES

"We Suffered . . ."

On nice evenings, Donald Howard, 25, his wife and two small children knew what to expect: the neighbors came around to throw taunts and rocks, to riot and run rampage. The Howards are Negroes, the first to move into the Trumbull Park public housing project on Chicago's South Side. Ten other Negro families moved in later, but the Howards bore the brunt of racial hate.

Mobs tried to rush their apartment, smashed their windows 15 times, caused \$100,000 damages in the area, despite massive full-time police protection (TIME, March 1). Last week, after living behind barricaded windows for nine months, Howard moved out, at police urging, to a predominantly Negro neighborhood. "We were too nervous to eat or sleep," he said. "We suffered . . ."

Police hoped for an end to the Trumbull Park riots, the most sustained in Chicago's history. Howard hoped that his retreat would make life easier for the other Negro families, but in the tense South Side, hate is not easily appeased. Recently, a teen-age gang stoned two Trumbull Park Negro women, both pregnant, as they walked home from a grocery store. Chicago expected trouble in the sultry summer nights ahead.

FOREIGN NEWS

INDO-CHINA

The Fall of Dienbienphu

A deep stillness lay across the wasteland of Dienbienphu. A shroud of gunsmoke lifted from the dips and hollows where the French Union garrison had died. In the stillness, there was only a muffled tramp! tramp! tramp! as the worn-out prisoners moved north, or a sudden, shuddering thump as an ammunition dump went off, or a dull buzz in the sky where the French C-47s were keeping their death watch. It was a graveyard world down there, the French pilots reported, a torn

through the mire. "Everywhere they are in close contact," Dienbienphu radioed GHQ. "Everywhere they are within grenade range. When they attack, the fortress will be ready."

At 1700 hours next day, Red General Giap laid down heavy 105-mm. and 75-mm. gunfire against the main perimeter. His gunners could not miss; the perimeter was less than 1,000 yards wide. For the first time in the battle, Giap brought up Russian rocket launchers ("Stalin Organs") and struck at Dienbienphu's suddenly battlements—eight rockets per burst. De Castries checked the damage. Then told GHQ: "This may finish us."

At 2000, French lookouts spied Red concentrations in the flarelight, headed for Claudine and Eliane. At 2200, bugles shrilled through the damp night air, and four Red regiments attacked. By dawn, they had four outposts in Eliane. Then they overran Bald Head Hill, which commanded the center from the east.

This was the crisis, and old Cavalryman de Castries knew it. At 0700, he gathered his last reserves and hurled in three desperate counterattacks. But Giap mostly held his gains, then sent in his Red reserves to clinch the battle. De Castries had only one remaining 105-mm. howitzer, one 155-mm. field gun. His tanks were wrecked or embedded in the mud. His ammunition was all but gone. One outpost commander phoned De Castries: "We can keep on fighting for only ten more minutes. Should we surrender?" De Castries snapped back: "Keep on fighting for ten more minutes."

The Last Stand. At 1000, the Communists won two more outposts in Eliane. At 1200, they went for the last three French positions on the east bank of the Nam Youm River. By 1600, the Reds were storming the French center. De Castries radioed GHQ: "The violent barrage from mortars and artillery continues. The Viets are infiltrating massively through the strongpoints on the west." De Castries also spoke briefly to his wife, Jacqueline who waited with the generals for the outcome. "Have faith for our wounded," he asked her. Then, "*Au revoir*."

At 1645, De Castries was on the air again: "The central redoubt is about to be fully overrun. Further resistance is becoming hopeless." At 1700, De Castries made another call to his commander, General René Cogny, in Hanoi:

De Castries: "The Viets are everywhere. The situation is very grave. The combat is confused and goes on all about. I feel the end is approaching, but we will fight to the finish."

Cogny: "Well understood. You will fight to the end. It is out of the question to run up the white flag after your heroic resistance."

De Castries: "Well understood. We will destroy the guns and radio equipment. The radiotelephone link will be destroyed at 1730 hours. We will fight to the end."

Au revoir, mon général. Au revoir, mes camarades. Vive la France!" Then De Castries ordered artillery fire from Isabelle against his own command post.

The Communists swarmed on toward Junon, flushed with imminent victory. There was one last cutting and clubbing, and the helpless French pilots saw it hayonet, knife and grenade in one ghastly arena less than 1,000 feet wide. Bearded French veterans, coal-black Senegalese and tough little Vietnamese even slugged at the Reds with chunks of wood and iron from their broken strong points. "It was like a spectacle of wild beasts in a Roman



GENERAL GIAP
"Victory is complete."

up world of broken stones and cluttered bunkers, while around it the jungle would soon regain its ancient inscrutability. For 56 nights and days the battle had gone on, down there in the wasteland. This was how it ended.

The Last Days. In the final 72 hours, a tropical rainstorm lashed the doomed 10,000-man garrison. Trenches sagged and crumbled in the blinding rain. Latrines filled and festered. The water supply turned foul. French Commanding General Christian de Castries checked his three surviving strongpoints—Claudine in the west, Eliane in the east, isolated Isabelle three miles to the south. All was quiet save for the rain, and the occasional crack of a Communist rifle way off somewhere in the hills. That night, De Castries summoned his staff to Junon, his command post, for one last chivalric rite of battle he decorated Lieutenant Geneviève de Galard Terraube, the only woman nurse in the fortress, with the Legion of Honor and the Croix de Guerre. That night too, less than 500 yards from Junon, the Communist infantrymen burrowed close in



GENERAL DE CASTRIES
"The fight continues."

amphitheater," said one pilot afterward. It could not go on. At 1730, De Castries called GHQ for the last time: "After 20 hours of ceaseless combat, just now man-to-man, the enemy has infiltrated right through our central bastion. Munitions are short. Our resistance is about to be submerged. The Vietminh are only a few yards from the radio where I speak. I have given orders for maximum demolitions. The ammo depots are going up already. *Au revoir*."

The Dienbienphu radio operator added his piece with no show of emotion: "There is fighting around the door. The general has ordered me to destroy this equipment. Say hello to Paris for me. *Au revoir*." Then silence. At GHQ, staff officers, generals, signalmen and clerks were laden with a dread despair. "It was like hearing the tap on the hull of a submarine that lies helpless at the bottom of the sea," said one who listened.

The Last Charge. The battle neared its end. The Communists regrouped and turned southward against Isabelle. Isabelle was ready. Its 13th Demi-Brigade,



Sgt. Daniel Camus, Service Presse Internationale, Sgt. Daniel Camus
THE DEFENDERS OF DIENBIENPHU
They died, protesting, in the name of another France.

French Foreign Legion, had 22 battle citations and the mystique of a great tradition: "The Legion is Our Country." Many times the Legion had fought for honor in a losing cause, for Gambetta at Orléans, for Maximilian in Mexico. Now there were 1,500 Legionnaires in Indo-China ready to die for Strongpoint Isabelle. They were commanded by Colonel André Lalande from St. Cyr Military Academy, veteran of Narvik, El Alamein, Italy and the Vosges. Lalande was a tough customer; his Legionnaires called him "baroudeur," a brawler. Lalande did not wait for the Communists to come, 20 to 1, to get him. At 0115, he ordered the charge.

One or two French pilots saw it in the flaresight, from far above. The Legionnaires advanced from their shattered trenches toward the massed Red infantry, and the guns. Like the Confederate rush at Franklin, it was forlorn: like the Old Guard's serried march on Waterloo, it was final; like the Light Brigade at Balaklava, it was magnificent, but not war. At 0150, little more than half an hour later, the Charge of the Demi-Brigade was over, and very few men still lived. Isabelle radioed the French planes: "Breakout failed. We must break communications with you. We are going to blow up everything. *Fini*. Repeat. *Fini*." The C-47s were rocked by the shock waves from exploding Isabelle. "They were enormous explosions," said one pilot later, sadly. And the Red radio crowed: "All the enemy troops who tried to break out were annihilated. All fighting has now ceased."

The Last Full Measure. So ended the Battle of Dienbienphu, March 13-May 8, 1954. It was the one set-piece battle of the seven-year Indo-China war—a strange affray of bayonets in the age of atom and jet. Now there was only the stillness in the wasteland. The casualty returns:

French Union: about 4,000 killed and wounded. 8,000 missing, mostly presumably captured.

Communists: about 8,000 killed, 12,000 wounded.

"The victory is complete," said Giap's

spokesman, via Peking radio. "The French garrison and its commander were captured. We wiped out 17 battalions. We shot down or damaged 57 planes. There were many enemies lying around on the ground." Peking radio later named both De Castris and Lalande as prisoners of war. Said Ongny, weeping: "Dienbienphu is a new name to emblazon on the streamers of France." Said Navarre, in a special Order of the Day to his remaining 230,000 French Union and 240,000 Vietnamese troops: "After 56 days of continuing combat, submerged by numbers, by odds of 5 to 1, the garrison has had to end its fight . . . The fall of the entrenched camp was accomplished only because the enemy, thanks to Chinese Communist assistance, was suddenly able to start a form of modern warfare entirely new to Indo-China. The defenders of Dienbienphu have written an epic. They have given [you] a new

pride and a new reason to fight. For the struggle of free peoples against slavery does not end today. The fight continues."

What kind of a fight would it be? If there was no solution at Geneva, Navarre predicted there would be "internationalization of the war"—meaning allied intervention. And for France? Henceforth from Dienbienphu, the old ways of war could no longer suffice. Robert Guillain, *Le Monde's* able correspondent, cabled a bitter valedictory from Hanoi:

"Let the enemy come," said our troops at Dienbienphu, "and we'll show them. We'll show them? We'll show what, and to whom? 'We'll show those who face us in battle,' they said. 'We'll show the enemy. And we'll show them in Hanoi. We'll show them in Saigon, the people busy sipping cool drinks on shaded café terraces or watching beautiful girls in the pool at the Sporting Club. We'll show the people of France, the people of France above all. They have to be shown. They have to be shown what their neglect, their incredible indifference, their illusions, their dirty politics have led to. And how best may we show them? By dying, so that honor at least may be saved. . . .' Our dead of Dienbienphu died. I claim, protesting, appealing against today's France in the name of another France for which they had respect. The only victory that remains is the victory of our honor."

GENEVA

Man Alone

All week long, France's allies could only watch Georges Bidault's sufferings. They could not help. His desperate pleas for a battlefield truce to save Dienbienphu's wounded met with bland delay from the Communists. Behind him, France's divided government nagged at him. Burly Marc Jacquet, Minister for the Associated States, sent to Geneva to act as a kind of watchdog for the quick-truce faction, told everybody who would listen: "We must get peace!" For two days Bidault had to mark time while the Assembly debated



International
LEGIONNAIRE LALANDE
"Fini, repeat, fini."

a vote of confidence. "A Foreign Minister does not negotiate while his policy is being debated behind his back," he snapped to Premier Laniel on the phone.

There was confusion and there was calculated delay. When the Communists finally agreed to a conference including the three Associated States (Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia) provided the Communist Viet Minh were invited, and agreed to discuss a battlefield truce at the conference, Bidault discovered that no representatives of the three Associated States were on hand (he had not bothered to discuss the situation with them seriously before going to Geneva).

As Dienbienphu writhed in its last agony, the Viet Minh representatives ar-

rived in triumph. They were met by China's Chou En-lai, Russia's Gromyko, and North Korea's Nam Il, while a French aide frantically telephoned the Quai d'Orsay: "Send me three Vietnamese in a hurry! Otherwise we shall produce my cook—he's a Vietnamese."

Tragic Delay. Until Friday, Bidault clung to the hope of help from his friend John Foster Dulles: perhaps some direct U.S. intervention, perhaps a declaration that the Tonkin delta around Hanoi was vital to the free world and would be defended if necessary by U.S. arms. That afternoon Dienbienphu fell. Overnight, Bidault read Dulles' speech, admitting that "present conditions there do not provide a suitable basis for the U.S. now to

participate with its armed forces." It was a tragic day for Georges Bidault. To a sympathetic questioner, he said wearily: "My trumps? When I look at my hand, the highest card seems to be the four of diamonds."

The bitter fact was that Bidault was, and felt, alone. His allies could offer no support. Whatever help they promised, whatever guarantees they offered, would be effective only after Geneva. In negotiating a settlement with its enemies—if there was to be a settlement—France was being left alone.

On Saturday, wearing a black suit and tie of mourning for Dienbienphu's dead, Bidault walked into the Palais des Nations to face his triumphant enemies. He

A HISTORY TEACHER MAKES HISTORY

THIS man whose words and deeds are most crucial to the negotiations at Geneva is a small, enigmatic Frenchman who set out to teach history, not to help make it. Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, 54, speaks for the divided mind and flagging spirit of France. But his own mind is undivided: more than most Frenchmen, he has a passionate dislike of the Communists.

Bowler & Pince Nez. Bidault comes from central France, the son of an insurance man. He taught himself to read at six, and was educated by the Jesuits. Bidault was deeply influenced by a scholarship prize he won at the age of 15: a book on Montalembert, the 19th century political philosopher who strove to fuse Roman Catholicism with Liberalism. Bidault went on to the Sorbonne, then to teaching (history and geography) in a lycée. In his 30s Bidault looked so young that a proctor at the school once reprimanded him for smoking; he took to wearing a bowler hat and pince-nez in order to look older.

The schoolteacher lived an austere bachelor's life in a Left Bank jumble of books, unmarked exercise papers and unmatched bedclothes. But Bidault was a stickler for neatness and order in personal appearance and in matters of the mind.

On stage, Bidault wrote editorials daily for the Roman Catholic *L'Aube*. Still remembered by some are those he wrote about Spain's civil war—an event that produced a spiritual crisis for Bidault. As a Catholic he was drawn to the Franco side, but as a republican democrat he was drawn to the Loyalist side. In what has since become a well-known—and often infuriating—Bidault habit, he held a kind of parliamentary debate within his mind, eventually summoning up a majority for a decision. The debate in the case of Spain resulted in a series of passionate anti-Franco editorials.

Official Greeter. When World War II came, he volunteered for the fighting front, but was captured by the Germans before he could do much soldiering. Luck was with him. Because he had been drafted briefly in World War I, Bidault was released by the Nazis in a general parole of World War I veterans. He made his way to Lyon, ostensibly to resume teaching. But instead, the meek-seeking little professor undertook the hazardous life of an underground patriot. He joined a Roman Catholic resistance group named Combat, soon was publicly identified as a resister and had to plunge into hiding; ultimately became known throughout the French Resistance movement for his ability to smooth over differing points of view.

In 1943 when "Max"—Jean Moulin—was caught and killed by the Nazis, Bidault was chosen to replace him as chief of the Resistance. The Gestapo marked him for torture and death, frequently came close to catching him. But it was Georges Bidault who gave the signal for Paris' rise against the occupiers in 1944, and who was there to greet General

Charles de Gaulle on his triumphal return with the Franco-American Liberation forces.

Many politicians have come and gone since that day, but Georges Bidault has hung on. In the ten years—and 19 cabinets—since, he has been out of office only 33 months, has been Premier twice (for 14 months in all), Vice Premier four times, Defense Minister twice, Foreign Minister eight times. To his countrymen, to the diplomats of other governments, even to those who know him best, there is no clear answer to how Georges Bidault has done it. He has no real *copains* (buddies), and only a few who consider themselves friends; Bidault has barely concealed his feeling that most of his colleagues in the National Assembly are fools, knaves or both. He will eat barely enough to keep alive, and then usually at the insistence of his wife (the first woman ever admitted to the French career diplomatic service; Bidault married her in 1945). He seeks diversion only in collecting stamps which he rarely files.

Dogs & Cats. At dinner parties—where he may nibble nothing but the lemon slice on a *filet*—Bidault sometimes amuses himself by classifying each guest as "dog" or "cat." He insists he is "dog," but many others—including Madame Bidault—would classify Georges Bidault as "cat." He has a catlike walk, a heavy-lidded, sleepy, catlike look, and a cat-like smile. In politics and diplomacy he walks fences with a cat's tread, pounces like a tiger on a succulent opportunity.

There have been times when it seemed that ambivalence was Georges Bidault's chief stock in trade. The quality is essential to political survival in France, helpful to a diplomat, but frequently maddening to those who must do business with him. Bidault speaks in images and parables, abhors the straight yes or no. A bureaucrat asks if he will accept a luncheon invitation. "If only I am hungry by then . . ." murmurs Bidault obliquely. The bureaucrat backs away, unsure whether the date is set or not. Bidault is apt to speak similarly of bigger issues—EDC, the Saar, Indo-China. Commented one American in Paris: "A harsh critic might say that Bidault is the man who has brought the double-entendre from French farce into French diplomacy."

But underneath the sly, somnolent exterior, there is more. Under the wartime threat of torture and death, he was cool and brave. Under the pressures of cold war, he has held courageously to the proposition that for France, survival lies in loyal alliance with the U.S. At the Berlin Conference, with a divided government and country behind him, he spoke out firmly and unequivocally. "He is a realist who will not let the dream of the best prevent him from grasping the good," said one who considers himself a friend. "The core of Bidault is rigidly moral and deeply religious." On such a man last week fell the bitter task of laying before the Communists France's terms of retreat in Indo-China.



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was pale, but he spoke with bitter eloquence. "The decisive assault in a gloriously unequal battle, carried on for 55 days, was launched on the very eve of the date set for this Geneva meeting whose prospect alone should normally have silenced cannon," he said. "We have already known sudden massacres on the morrow of peaceful negotiations, and this is not the first time that actions cruelly give the lie to words. It is not our side that wanted a hardening of the fighting—to the extent of refusing evacuation of wounded while peace was being discussed."

All But the Name. Then Bidault brought forward his peace proposal. He proposed a settlement based on the "zon-alization" plan outlined by Premier Laniel two months ago—a plan amounting in all but name to partition, a word the Vietnamese cannot abide. It proposed the immediate disarmament of all guerrilla units, and the liberation of prisoners. In Laos and Cambodia, where "there is no civil war, but an invasion without motive," Bidault demanded total evacuation of Viet Minh troops. For Viet Nam, he proposed a regrouping of all regular army units of both sides into zones. All arrangements would be supervised and controlled by "international bodies," and any violations could be resisted individually or collectively—a clause intended to forestall a Russian veto in case of a later outbreak. At Eden's suggestion the zones were undefined, to allow for bargaining.

In his speech Bidault suggested that the arrangement would be temporary, leading eventually to elections. Privately, he conceded that the divisions would become permanent.

The British lent the plan their support, as did the U.S. with reservations. But the West recognized that the French plan had little chance of acceptance by the highriding Reds. As envisioned, it would give them no port, no big town, hardly any worthwhile land, and no unified territory.

The Communists made the West wait for their reply. Instead of discussing the proposal, the Viet Minh's Deputy Foreign Minister Pham Van Dong (whose father was secretary to Emperor Duy Tan of Annam) baldly demanded that representatives of the "resistance governments of Khmer [Cambodia] and Pathet-Lao [Laos]" attend the conference. Molotov, though he had to fumble through his papers to find the names of these "governments" and stumbled over their pronunciation, promptly proposed a meeting of the "Big Five," including Red China, to discuss the suggestion.

Bidault was coldly angry: "We are here to discuss peace, not the question of phantoms, but of human beings—human beings who are shedding their blood." Taunted Pham Van Dong: "We used to be called phantoms, too. But it is not a phantom army that is fighting the French."

This week the Communists started with a show of humanity. Pham Van Dong proposed that the field commanders in Indo-China arrange for French planes to

pick up the wounded still lying in Dienbienphu's damp underground shelters. Said Bidault wearily: "Better late than never." Then the Viet Minh named its terms. Dong scornfully rejected Bidault's proposal because it "does not take into account the facts, including the military developments in Indo-China." The Communists' proposal:

¶ An immediate cease-fire, and a ban on any more troops or arms sent into the country, i.e., no French reinforcements, no more U.S. aid. Communist and non-Communist Indo-Chinese would then proceed with a temporary "readjustment" of the territories they occupy—without French participation or international supervision.

¶ Withdrawal of all foreign troops. Pending their withdrawal, French troops would



United Press

BIDAULT

He played the four of diamonds.

be confined to zones "as limited as possible" and not interfere with local administration. Viet Minh armies and guerrillas would stay where they are.

¶ "Free" elections, not only in Viet Nam but also in Laos and Cambodia, without outside supervision. The Communists would get half the seats in the electoral bodies, giving them effective control.

¶ A promise that after the "elections," all three regimes would "examine the possibility" of association with the French Union, would settle French interests on the basis of "equality and mutual interest," and "collaborators" with the French would not be prosecuted.

The Communists were grabbing for Laos and Cambodia, as well as Viet Nam. But with most Frenchmen ignorant of the pitfalls in such a cease-fire, and impatient for peace, Bidault would find it difficult to reject it out of hand. Commented Bidault: "Very able and very specious. It would mean the complete swallowing of Indo-China by the Viet Minh."

FRANCE

Veil of Mourning

Well before Dienbienphu's day of defeat came, many Frenchmen at home had given up. "Verdun?" said the moderate left-wing newspaper *Combat* bitterly. "Verdun was a position which could be held at all costs because the entire future depended on it . . . But what does Dienbienphu mean for the French fighting man? . . . An obsessive, slow and stubborn war. A terrible kind of war for which the French were not made—because they have clear intelligence, and like to know for what they are fighting. They are impulsive, and need to have a little glory stirring their flags, a little enthusiasm swelling their hearts . . . But here all is dull, doubtful and enigmatic."

In the National Assembly—even while Dienbienphu still stood—the rush was on to call off the whole embittering war in Indo-China. A man of Munich mounted the rostrum, an older, shrunken figure of the man who in 1938 spoke for the abandonment of Czechoslovakia. "Ceasefire and armistice are in the vital interest of the French army," said Edouard Daladier, now 69. "I fear that if we await the decision of the international conference in Geneva, we shall find ourselves . . . too late, much too late."

The Dismal Rain. From speaker after speaker, the words "immediate cease-fire" drummed on the government like a dismal rain. Premier Joseph Laniel tried to head off the downpour until after Geneva, arguing in effect that the government could better come to terms at Geneva if let alone. The critics persisted. Laniel and his Cabinet made the issue—whether to debate Indo-China now or later—an issue of confidence. Laniel won his vote of confidence 311 to 262, but it was only a stay until another showdown soon—and probably the last confidence vote the Laniel government would win.

Less than 48 hours later, the big, stolid textile millionaire who has governed France for ten shaky months bowed his head before the hushed Deputies. "The government has just learned that the central redoubt of Dienbienphu has fallen . . ." said he. "In the face of this reverse . . . France will have the virile reaction of a great nation." Without signal, the Deputies of France rose to their feet—all but the many Deputies of the Communist Party (and one ex-Gaullist). In their smug disdain for the dead of Dienbienphu, the Communists who call themselves Frenchmen showed their true colors.

"**Shoot Him!**" As the bitter news spread across France, national theaters were closed down for two days (many ticket buyers were disappointed by the cancellation of the long-anticipated Soviet ballet at the Opera). A special Mass was scheduled at Notre Dame. "A veil of mourning has fallen over France," said Edouard Herriot, aged (81) veteran of France's many modern sadnesses.

The defeat coincided with two of

France's greatest holidays—the ninth anniversary of V-E day and the feast day of Joan of Arc. There was little rejoicing on the gaily flagged, sunshiny boulevards, but neither was there much demonstration. On the V-E holiday, police lined the Champs Elysées to protect the government ministers who came to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arch of Triumph. President René Coty—whose badge of office usually excites big applause—got only a scattering of handclaps. Premier Laniel's car rolled past and some shouted and hissed. "Send him to Dienbienphu," cried some. "Shoot him!" others shouted. Defense Minister René Pleven drew the same derision. "Resign! Resign!" some in the crowd chanted. Whether these

might yet come some spine-stiffening resolve to exact a price from the Communists for Dienbienphu, or a determination—if they got no cease-fire at Geneva—to fight on. But all that could be said for the moment was that Dienbienphu had shocked France deeply.

Homage at the Arch

This Frenchman, who has so much order in his mind and so little in his acts, this logician who doubts everything . . .

—Charles de Gaulle.

The Army of the Future

It is now two decades since Captain de Gaulle's book on the plane-and-tank war of the future appeared: to be carefully



Robert Cohen—AGIP

GENERAL DE GAULLE AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE
Ten thousand steel helmets, and one minute's silence.

shouts represented isolated outbursts or the common mood was hard to tell.

"Who?" The Communists were not forgotten—stones were thrown through the windows of some Red offices in Paris, firebombs were tossed into a Communist newspaper plant in Nice, and some Soviet flags were torn down from a group of allied flags near Lille. "The real conquerors are the friends of Thorez and Duclos," reminded *Le Figaro*. "It is they who, on the ruins and on the tomb, ought to raise the Red banner at the head of the dead."

But most of the anger Frenchmen heaped on their confused, divided leaders. "Who placed De Castries and his men in this trap? Who is officially or unofficially responsible? . . . Who? What party? What minister? What general?" demanded *Franc-Tireur*. On their allies: "Why didn't America help us?" moaned a bewildered old Parisian lady. And on themselves: "The fighters of Dienbienphu died because we lied to ourselves . . . What these sacrifices demand is an examination of our conscience," said *Le Figaro*.

Perhaps out of the re-examination

studied by the Germans and to be dismissed as a "collection of witticisms" by the French general staff. Since then, De Gaulle has become a hero, symbol and leader—and, subsequently, a frustrated strongman, waiting for a call that never came. France's millions of logicians doubted even a strongman's ability to cure things.

Last week, in observance of the ninth anniversary of V-E day, General de Gaulle dramatically appeared, as he had promised he would, at Paris' Arc de Triomphe to pay homage "alone" to France's Unknown Soldier. It was two days after the fall of Dienbienphu, and the worried police made the biggest show of strength since the anti-Ridgway riots in 1952. More than 10,000 steel-helmeted police and armed guards assembled, truckloads of mobile police aircraft hovered overhead. A full hour before De Gaulle's appearance, a crowd of 15,000 gathered behind the police barriers. When De Gaulle's open black car arrived, a band struck up the *Mar-sellaise*. On his uniform the tall, greying

man wore only one decoration, the Cross of Lorraine. He saluted the flag, stood bowed for a minute before the eternal flame. Then he was driven away.

Some in the crowd shouted "Vive De Gaulle!" and "De Gaulle to power!" But many, on this sunny day, simply murmured: "How he has aged!" and continued their Sunday stroll.

COLD WAR

Bluff or Backdown?

The two great allies of the West spent the week in mutual recriminations. In the U.S., the charge was made that Britain had let the West down. The British reported that only British steadiness and wisdom had saved the allies from hasty, dangerous and useless action. Even London's *Economist* observed: "If American opinion has the impression that Mr. Dulles' boldness is always being curbed by Britain's timidity, it is largely his fault for starting off with big talk and then coming down to less big doing . . ."

The truth was not as clear-cut as either side would have it. What happened:

¶ The U.S. was caught napping with faulty intelligence and overconfident estimates from the French. Not until General Paul Ely, chief of staff of the French armed forces, flew to Washington in late March did the U.S. Chiefs of Staff realize how serious France's plight in Indo-China was. Ely told them for the first time that the French might lose Dienbienphu, and with it, the whole of Viet Nam. JCS Chairman Admiral Radford left Ely with the impression that he personally was ready and willing to send in carrier planes if the French asked for them.

¶ A few days later, Dulles issued his call for "united action." What he actually envisioned was a show of unified determination to give the West bargaining strength at Geneva to offset Dienbienphu. By the time the news got out from London and Paris (through Foreign Office and Quai D'Orsay leaks), Dulles plan and his later warning that Chinese intervention was coming "awfully close" to direct intervention had become something else. In the British and French press, the plan, coupled with the memory of threats of "massive retaliation," grew to an "ultimatum." The British began to see visions of H-bombs dropping on London.

¶ On Sunday, April 4, the French held an emergency Cabinet meeting, asked U.S. Ambassador Douglas Dillon whether the U.S. could help Dienbienphu with carrier-plane strikes. The U.S. refused, explained that such intervention could only be taken within some framework of "united action." The French were surprised, particularly as they knew that six U.S. carriers had been moved into the Gulf of Tonkin. ¶ April 11-14: Dulles flew to London, talked to the British about a broad defense pact in Southeast Asia, looking toward direct intervention in Indo-China if needed. The British were reluctant to act before Geneva, and Dulles could not guarantee the British that the U.S. itself

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would go ahead; he could only say that, if the British agreed on "united action," he would be able to ask Congress. The British agreed only to "examine the possibility." The French took somewhat the same attitude, though they still talked of an air strike. As Lanier explained last week: "All solutions which might help a local situation, that of Dienbienphu, were studied. [but] we refused before the Geneva Conference to accept solutions which might risk a generalized conflict."

¶ April 21: Dulles returned to Paris for pre-Geneva talks with Bidault and Eden. Two days later, a cable arrived from Indo-China which the British privately refer to as "Navarre's panic cable." Navarre said Dienbienphu was on the verge of falling, could be saved only by heavy air support either from the U.S. or Britain. Dulles again rejected the appeal both because it would be "war," which Congress would have to approve, and because U.S. military experts doubted that air strikes could now save the fortress. Bidault seemed to have got the idea from Dulles that congressional approval might still be obtained if only Britain would agree to some form of "united action." Eden told Bidault that the British considered that air strikes would be impractical and might prejudice hope of a Geneva settlement, but that he would consult the Cabinet. He made a hurried trip back to London to be sure and was unanimously supported by the Cabinet and British military men. Bidault was anxiously waiting at Orly airfield when Eden got back from London. "Bidault looked as if he had been hit by something," said an eyewitness.

At that late hour, planes could not have saved Dienbienphu. But by publicly demanding something their allies could not deliver and had never promised, the French made it appear that the U.S. had been bluffing, and the bluff had been called. ¶ The day after the Geneva Conference started on April 26, Churchill made his flat announcement that Britain was "not prepared to give any undertakings" until after Geneva. This, in the view of U.S. diplomats, was a backdown on the agreement to "examine the possibility," and cut the ground from under the West at a critical moment. The British retorted that Churchill had tacitly pledged military action after Geneva—if the fighting continued or if the settlement was breached. ¶ The British argued, to the exasperation of the U.S., that a Southeast Asia Treaty Organization could not succeed without the backing of the Asian countries of the Commonwealth, particularly India. (Snapped one observer: "If the U.S. cannot take strong action without the approval of the British Parliament, and the British cannot act without the approval of Nehru, Western policy will be immobilized.") Last week Nehru told the British his decision: he was willing to associate in an Asian defense pact if everybody else joined too. By everybody Nehru apparently meant Communist China, and perhaps Russia as well—a plan about as useful as penning up wolves with sheep. Belatedly, British foreign officials conceded that SEATO

would have to get along without Nehru.

Last week there were signs that re-cremations between the allies were dying down and new ways of getting together were being sought. De Castries' last stand had stirred Britain's admiration. Wrote London's influential *Daily Telegraph*: "The local lesson of Dienbienphu is that the Red Delta must be defended, not abandoned." Added the *Spectator*: "The fact that Britain and the U.S. . . . decided not to attempt the virtually impossible—the relief of Dienbienphu—does not mean that they should refuse to attempt the possible—the effective defense of large remaining areas of Indo-China."

Earthquake's War

Fellow airmen called him "Earthquake McGovern"—the burly, black-browed man with the big laugh and the outspoken contempt for the quiet life. Earthquake was born to trouble and hairbreadth escapes.



CAPTAIN MCGOVERN
"Looks like this is it, son."

Twice a day for the past six weeks, weather permitting, Earthquake had eased his semi-sedentary body (6 ft., 250 lbs.) into the pilot seat of a C-119 Flying Boxcar, trucked its seven-ton load of ammunition and food the 90 flying minutes from Haiphong to beleaguered Dienbienphu.

As the Viet Minh's ack-ack spat up at him, Earthquake made the wide circling letdown to 1,500 ft., lumbered across the deep valley until the "kickers" shoved the load out through the big rear door over the ever-shrinking drop zone. Four times Earthquake's plane was hit. Once a slug cut his elevator controls, and he had to fly home on the trim tabs. Reported Earthquake cheerfully: "We could make it go up or down, but never stay level. We went up and down, but never stay level. We went up and down, but never stay level."

The Behemoth Creature. Earthquake was Captain James B. McGovern, 32, of Elizabeth, N.J. He flew P-40s and Mustangs over China with Major General



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Claire Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force, knocked down four Jap planes. When Chennault formed his Civilian Air Transport (CAT) to help the Nationalists against the Red Chinese in China. Earthquake signed up. Once the transport he was flying was attacked by Chinese Communist fighters over the Shantung peninsula, but "they missed." Earthquake explained laconically. Later, flying gasoline to the hard-pressed Nationalists in Kunming, he made a forced landing on a river sandbar in Communist territory. Six months later, Earthquake emerged from Communist China with a huge beard (they had taken his razor from him) and a cheerful account of life in a Communist jail. "The Communists went out of their way to treat me good," he said. His friends quipped that the Reds let him go because they couldn't feed him, and composed affectionate doggerel about the mock-heroic legend:

*"Of the behemoth creature who flies in the sky
Who knows neither reason nor rhyme
His 300 pounds shake the earth when he walks
Yet he soars with the grace of a loon."*

Two months ago, the French asked Chennault for 24 American pilots for the perilous job of flying supplies into Dienbienphu. Earthquake went among the first. The C-119s they flew were on loan from the U.S. Air Force. The U.S. markings barely covered over with one coat of grey paint. The pay was good (about \$3,000 a month, including hardship pay and overtime), but if pressed, Earthquake admitted to another reason. "Way I figure it, we either got to fight the bastards at home or fight them over here." When his CAT buddies howled with derisive laughter at the idea that their interests might be anything other than mercenary or adventuresome, Earthquake looked sheepish.

But these casual young men in slacks and sport shirts became Dienbienphu's lifeline, averaging 30 missions a day, dropping more than 8,500 tons of supplies, dodging the flak with equanimity ("When you are invited to a war, you expect to get shot at").

"Turn Right." Last week Earthquake McGoon and his fellow pilots gulped their usual cups of bitter coffee, desultorily played darts in the airfield canteen while waiting to take off. In the afternoon flight, Earthquake flew "Bird Two" in a flight of six, with Wallace Buford, 28, as copilot.

Over Dienbienphu, Earthquake had just dropped down to 3,000 ft. for his run when his voice cracked over the radio: "I've got a direct hit." Steve Kusak swung his plane in behind Earthquake's. One of Bird Two's engines was spurting oil, and Earthquake feathered it. Just then, a second shell tore a hole in one of the tail booms. The stricken plane lurched. Earthquake caught sight of a riverbed ahead, flanked by 4,000 ft. mountains. "Steve, tell me which way the mountains are lowest," Earthquake said to the plane



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above him. Steve took a hasty look, called, "Turn right."

Earthquake headed his sinking plane into the steep valley. But the controls were crippled. The plane slipped wide, skidded sickeningly toward the spiky hills. As Steve watched helplessly, Earthquake's voice came coolly over the radio. "Looks like this is it, son," he said. The left wing tipped the rocky hillside. The huge plane did a slow, ponderous cartwheel and burst into an orange-black blossom of flame and smoke. It was Earthquake's 45th mission. Next day, Dienbienphu fell.

ITALY

Inconceivable

After the fall of Dienbienphu, Italy's Premier Mario Scelba and Foreign Minister Attilio Piccioni sent messages of sympathy to their opposite numbers in the French government. Next day, noting this simple gesture of human decency, the Communist newspaper *L'Unità* surpassed even itself in snarling bad manners. "These messages," wrote *L'Unità*, "offer an extraordinary example of Atlantic servility of the present government. They can be explained only by taking into account that Scelba and Piccioni, who are intimately connected with pimps and profiteers, feel sympathy for the exploiters of colonial peoples."

Scelba's reply to this journalistic contumely was prompt and pertinent. "The inconceivable insult to the Premier and Minister for Foreign Affairs in today's *L'Unità*," he announced, "shows how far Italian Communism can go to act against the honor of its own government. This attack, which exceeds the limits allowed in political debate and which contains insults of unrepeatable vulgarity, has induced the Prime Minister to order that Communist newspapermen be no longer admitted to the offices of the Prime Minister or any other government ministry."

GREAT BRITAIN

The Hit & Runner

Early in April, Laborite Aneurin Bevan sideswiped a bus at Gerrard's Cross in Beaconsfield, recovered control of his Humber Hawk and sped on. Haled to Beaconsfield to face a magistrate last week, Nye made his feeble excuses: "I realize I should have stopped but I was anxious to avoid . . . publicity." The court brushed the plea aside, slapped a fine of \$166.10 (including costs) on Britain's most freewheeling public figure and took away his license for three months.

Laborite Bevan's reckless political course, leading to his resignation from his party's parliamentary committee (*TIME*, April 29), was also getting him in trouble. Sir Winston Churchill gloated that Nye's revolt had left him "a stranded whale." Last week the whale was expertly harpooned by Bevan's No. 1 rival in the Labor Party, Deputy Leader Herbert Morrison. Apparently with full approval of Clement Attlee, Morrison, in the Laborite monthly *Socialist Commentary*, accused



Kemsley Picture Service

LABORITE BEVAN
A stranded whale.

Bevan of losing the Laborites "30 to 50 seats" in the 1951 general elections by his reckless description of Tories as "lower than vermin."

"We needed both unity and constructive thought to win that election," wrote Morrison. "Instead, we were afflicted with trouble over the so-called Bevanites. Now." Morrison went on, coldly referring at all times to his opponent as "Mr. A. Bevan." "we have had the open conflict on the front bench followed by his resignation from the parliamentary committee." Once again, thanks to Mr. A. Bevan, concluded Morrison, "cheerfulness has returned to the Tory benches: depression and annoyance have descended upon ours. Why should a number of labor parties in marginal and difficult constituencies be so eager to support damaging foolishness in the party? . . . Are they political science clubs?"

Too Close Links

Radio Moscow last week was downright syrupy in response to Winston Churchill's call of a week before for "closer links." But in Addison Road, a quiet corner of London's fashionable Kensington district where many members of the Russian Embassy staff live in cozy proximity to some of Britain's soldest citizens, the atmosphere was less honeyed.

An unaccustomed bustle and stir could be detected in Addison Road following a peremptory summons from British Minister of State Selwyn Lloyd to the Soviets' Ambassador Jacob Malik. The Kensington neighbors soon learned the reason: on advice from MI 5, Britain's counterespionage agency, Minister Lloyd had demanded that Soviet Embassy Air Atta-

ché Ivan Pupyshev and Andrei Gudkov, who live with their wives and children at No. 79 Addison Road, get out of Britain within ten days.

By diplomatic custom, Lloyd was not required to give any reason, but he announced that Majors Pupyshev and Gudkov, two of the 15 military men attached to the embassy, had "abused their diplomatic status by attempting to engage in espionage." The British said that the two had not got involved in atomic matters; presumably they had tried to anticipate Churchill by establishing rather too close links with the British War Office's jet-plane and guided-missile program.

This is the second time in two years that Russian embassy aides have been charged with spying. In 1952, Second Secretary Pavel Kuznetsov was kicked out of the country for getting secret Foreign Office information from an obliging British radio operator.

NATO

"The Incident Is Closed"

In undramatic officialese, General Alfred Gruenther's NATO headquarters last week published a statement that had concealed drama in it: "The North Atlantic Treaty Council passed a resolution condemning the public utterances of Marshal Juin on the European Defense Community, which were contrary to the views often expressed by the NATO council. This resolution was conveyed to Marshal Juin and later published. Having received [it], the Marshal has remained at his post. This means he will hereafter do nothing which is contrary to NATO policy or wishes. The NATO Council therefore considers the incident is closed."

Marshal Alphonse Juin, 66, France's No. 1 soldier, had provoked the "incident" when he publicly and stridently criticized EDC, then refused several summonses from Premier Laniel to come and explain (TIME, April 12). Laniel's Cabinet relieved Juin of his posts in French army councils, but kept him on the job as NATO's Central European commander, leaving further action to NATO itself. Marshal Juin told General Gruenther that as a French citizen he had previously felt free to speak out, but that, henceforth, as an internationalized soldier he would mind his tongue. After some ruffled NATO members, notably The Netherlands and Belgium, had been soothed, it was decided to keep Juin on.

Some Paris cynics described this as a "deal among cronies" or as a compromise, half to save Juin's face, half to save the French government's face. The proud, peppery Marshal is expected to resign from NATO before year's end.

MALAYA

Jungle Justice

There was little evidence against the Communist jungle-fighter, Piao, except that he was occasionally noisy and sometimes insubordinate, that he once lit a fire when his commanding officer told him not



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to and that, in the early days of liberation from the Japanese, he had been befriended by Chinese Nationalists. Nevertheless, the rumor spread that Piao was a spy. His trial took place in the middle of the Malayan jungle.

"Are you guilty?" asked the prosecutor. "No," said Piao, whose hands were tied behind his back.

"Were you sent into the jungle by an agent of the Chinese Nationalists?" "No," said Piao.

That was all there was to the trial. The verdict: guilty. Sentence: death by strangulation, to be carried out on the spot. A length of rattan fiber was wrapped around Piao's neck; two comrades seized hold of each end of it and pulled hard. After a while, Piao was dead.

Thus, in the jungles of Malaya, was one Communist recently rendered "politically reliable" by his own comrades, the British army command in Malaya learned last week. There were other evidences of a widespread purge and toughening of the hard-pressed guerrilla forces. British High Commissioner Sir Gerald Templer's firm drive against the Communists has apparently spread discontent and created wavering among the Communists. Over the past few weeks, some 40 suspect jungle fighters have been strangled, buried alive or beaten to death with rifle butts, according to British army sources. After a formal inquiry into the executions, the Communists' own Central Executive has admitted that in some cases, local Communist regimental commanders have acted too hastily.

KOREA

Campaign of Fear

South Korean Congressmen earn \$78 a month and—in the eyes of highhanded old Syngman Rhee—aren't worth even that. Rhee has publicly branded individual legislators as "ninecompoops" and "opportunist," and has privately described the Republic's unicameral Assembly as "probably the worst legislative body in the world."

While just about everybody agrees that South Korean Assemblymen are often incompetent and sometimes corrupt, Rhee's anger also stems from the occasional spark of independence that the Assembly shows. Recently Rhee demanded constitutional amendments to give the voters the right to recall Assemblymen by petition and the President the authority to dissolve the Assembly by decree. Though members of Rhee's own Liberal Party fill 96 of the Assembly's 179 seats, the Assembly balked at such drastic pruning of its powers.

In retaliation, Rhee decided to make his constitutional changes the central issue of the May 20 general elections. Of the 96 Liberal Assemblymen up for reelection, he gave official party backing to only 42, and hand-picked most of the other 270 Liberal candidates. All Liberals, whether picked

* Normal strength is 203, but since the 1950 elections, 24 Assemblymen have died, been abducted to Communist North Korea, or simply vanished.



SYNGMAN RHEE
He called the cops.

by Rhee or not, were required to sign written pledges promising to vote for the President's constitutional amendments.

With his own party's slate of candidates in good order, Rhee then set out to purge the opposition list of objectionable men. To Home Minister Paik Han Sung he sent a note listing three of the most objectionable: Assembly Chairman P. H. Shinicky, Vice Chairman Cho Bong Am, and former Home Minister Chough Pyung Ok—all members of the Democratic Nationalist Party (DNP). Minister Paik in turn set his remarkably efficient police force to "investigating" Shinicky, Cho and Chough. With election day less than a fortnight away, all three candidates seem to have been effectively eliminated from further competition.

¶ DNP Leader Shinicky reported that because of police intimidation, he has not yet worked up sufficient nerve even to visit Kwangju—the little town 15 miles east of Seoul where he is standing for re-election.

¶ Cho Bong Am, who in the 1952 presidential election polled 788,000 votes, was disqualified by the Central Election Committee because of "insufficient popular support," i.e., because he could not get 100 signers to support a registration petition for him. Many of his original petition signers had been persuaded by police to withdraw their names.

¶ Chough Pyung Ok's campaign manager was jailed in Taegu on a charge that Chough had paid his 100 registration-petition signers 600 hwan (\$3.33) each for their signatures.

A total of 50 DNP and Independent candidates also prudently withdrew their candidacy for reasons of "personal safety," and the DNP was threatening to boycott the elections entirely. Rhee, chiding DNP leaders for not yet making good their threat, intimated that nothing would please him more.

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PARAGUAY

Unwanted Revolution

Revolutionary guns last week broke the five-year rule of Paraguay's aging (71) President Federico Chaves. The little (pop. 1,500,000), landlocked republic is totally dominated by the government's Colorado party, and Chaves, as party boss, had been tightrope walking his way through trouble since last December, when he ordered a rough shake-up of the cabinet. His foot finally slipped when he arrested an army major as a plotter. General Alfredo Stroessner, 41, the army's 6-ft., German-descended commander, an-



STRONGMAN STROESSNER
Perón will have to wait.

grily called for a showdown, and an unplanned, unwanted revolution was on.

The crack cavalry division stationed outside Asunción, the capital, at first sided with Chaves, but Stroessner energetically lined up the rest of the armed forces. Chaves was taken prisoner, and the decisive action took place the following day. Cavalry units tried to enter the city and were beaten off by machine-gun fire; 25 to 30 died; some 100 were wounded.

Next day Chaves, turned loose, went home and resigned. A temporary provisional President was named, but Stroessner emerged as the dominant new figure: reports from Asunción said that presidential elections would be held in two months, and the general would be the only candidate. A dashing, blond-mustached artilleryman who is popular with his troops, Stroessner visited the U.S. last June as the guest of the Army. One result of his revolution was postponement of this week's scheduled good-will visit to Asunción by Argentina's President Juan Perón.

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

None of Asbestos Heir **Tommy Manville's** first eight wives ever succeeded in smoking him out into court to fight a divorce brawl. Playboy Manville, 60, in escaping his previous marriages, barely dented his \$20 million mad money. But shrewd Anita Roddy-Eden Manville, No. 9, enticed Tommy into a Manhattan court last week. Anita, 31, wanted a fatter payoff in her separation agreement: \$1,250 a week instead of the piddling \$1,000 a month she gets. When their honeymoon was only two days old, Anita testified, teetering Tommy lugged out photographs of all his ex-wives and old flames and hung them all about the house. "I said to him, 'Tommy, you've had more than your usual quota of gin this morning.'" That got Tommy's dander up. "He got his gun and threatened to kill me." In the witness chair, Manville was asked if it was true that he had proposed to Anita's twin sister, Juanita Patino, ex-wife of Bolivia's tin tycoon, just a few days after he married Anita. Tommy grinned sheepishly: "I don't know. I propose to anybody. I say it to a hatchet girl. I say it to anybody—sort of as a form of introduction." At week's end, when the judge tossed her suit out of court, Anita announced that she would appeal. But there would be no divorce. Anita reflected upon Tommy's worldly goods and the 29-year difference in their ages, then candidly charted her course: "I am still his wife, and I am going to be the Widow Manville."

It began to look as if **William Z. Foster**, 73, ailing high commissar of the U.S. Communist Party, might beat a conspiracy rap and thus never join his eleven former aides-de-camp behind bars. In Manhattan, a court-appointed doctor ex-



ALICE LONGWORTH & BUST OF T.R.
On a greenening campus, an ancestral mirror.

Associated Press

amined Foster, who was indicted with the others in 1948, and reported that he is still too ill to stand trial.

By unanimous vote of the Beverly Hills, Calif. city council, retired **Lieut. General Harold L. George**, 60, boss of the Army Air Force's globe-covering Air Transport Command in World War II and now a director of a Los Angeles electronics firm, was elected mayor for a one-year term.

At Hollywood's Mocambo nightclub, up & coming Cinematress **Grace (Mocambo) Kelly**, 24, turned up for dinner as the date of mellowing (52) Crooner **Bing Crosby**, who bridlely painted when a photographer caught him dancing without the hair piece he usually wears before the cameras.

Tailor and Cutter, the trade magazine that acts as the sartorial conscience of well-dressed Englishmen, sent its man to survey fashions displayed in works hung at the Royal Academy's summer exhibition of contemporary paintings. To his dismay, **Tailor's** critic discovered that, clearly, the best-dressed man "hanging on the wall at Burlington House" was pin-striped **Winthrop W. Aldrich**, U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, whose likeness in Savile Row finery was painted by famed British Portraittist **James Gunn** (TIME, May 10). Said **Taylor**: "If we reflect that our British reputation for fine clothes owes a great deal to a natural talent for wearing them properly, this being outworn by a foreigner has a significance to sober the apathetic."

At a luncheon given by **Chicago Tribune** Publisher **Robert R. ("Bertie") McCormick**, a new group, firm in their old belief that foreign entanglements are dangerous, banded themselves into



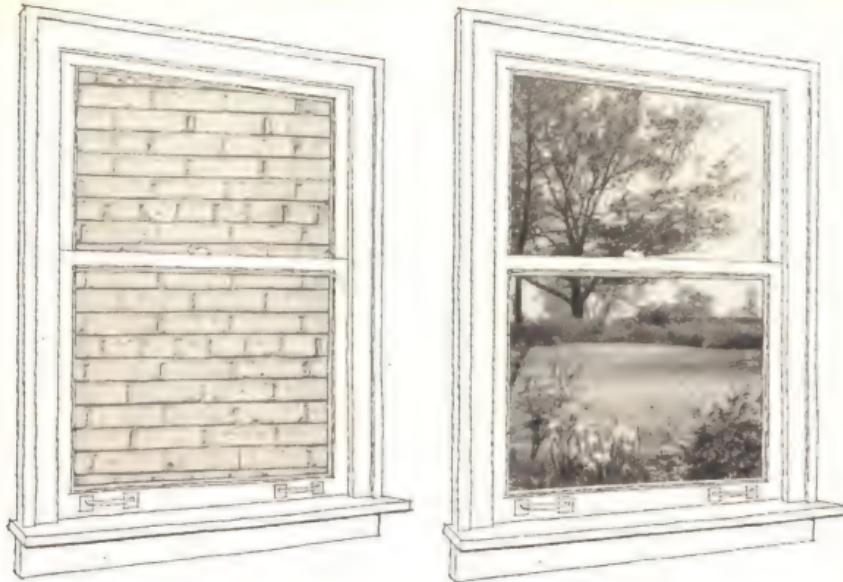
GRACE KELLY & BING CROSBY
On a dinner date, a painful omission.

Associated Press

"For America," an outfit which will "combat super-internationalism, one-worldism and Communism in America." Co-chairmen: General **Robert E. Wood**, retired board chairman of Sears, Roebuck & Co. and onetime head of America First; **Clarence E. Manion**, ex-dean of Notre Dame's law school, whose resignation as chairman of the President's Commission on Intergovernmental Relations was forced after he began ballyhooing the Bricker Amendment (TIME, Feb. 8). Among other For Americans: Montana's onetime (1923-47) Democratic Senator **Burton K. Wheeler**, Author **John T. Flynn**, New York's longtime (1930-45) Republican Representative **Hamilton Fish**.

Mirroring the ancestral profile, Mrs. **Alice Roosevelt Longworth**, 60, posed proudly for a picture with a bust of her father, **Theodore Roosevelt**, after its formal unveiling at the Hall of Fame on the greenening campus of New York University.

In a strangely benign twist to the current uncompromising Soviet line, Russia's top World War II military hero, Marshal **Georgy K. Zhukov**, in a *Pravda* article, indulged himself in praise for two former comrades in arms. Wrote Zhukov, in marking the ninth anniversary of V-E day: "The Soviet people will never forget the selfless struggle waged against the German armed forces by our Allies. We pay our due also to their leaders, General of the Army **Eisenhower** and Field Marshal **Montgomery**, under whose leadership American and British armed forces repeatedly defeated German fascist troops." Later in his piece, however, Zhukov got back into step. Sample: "The foreign policy and war strategy of U.S. imperialism are being built on the use of the peoples and territories of other countries for their predatory aims."



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SPORT



Oxford Daily Mail

BANNISTER WINNING FOUR-MINUTE MILE AT OXFORD
Since the model T, beyond man's wildest dreams.

Glory on Foot

There is no greater glory for a man as long as he lives than that which he wins by his own hands and feet.

—Homer. *The Odyssey*

When Henry Ford first put his model T on the road in 1908 and ushered in the motor age, the track record for the mile stood at 4:15.6, the record for the shotput at 49 ft. 10 in. And that, the doom-criers felt, was about as fast as a man would manage to run and as far as he would throw the iron ball—in an age when the machine was taking over the work of human muscles. Yet somehow, man's glory of achievement "by his own hands and feet," which the Greeks extolled in their great games, continued to grow. Steadily, by split seconds and fractions of inches, athletes pushed themselves toward greater and greater performance. Last week brought two records beyond the wildest dreams of the model-T age.

In London, 22-year-old Champion Parry O'Brien smashed his own shotput world record (59 ft. 2½ in.), and crossed the long-standing 60-ft. barrier: with a mighty heave, he hurled the 16-lb. iron ball 60 ft. 5½ in., a distance long believed to be unattainable. Only two days earlier, an even more "unattainable" record was set: the four-minute mile, long dreamed of by runners, was finally achieved by a shy, gangling British medical student named Roger Bannister.

The Goal. Athletes became really serious about the four-minute mile in 1923, when Finland's famed Paavo Nurmi clocked 4:10.4. Slowly the figure shrank. In 1945, Sweden's Gunder ("The Wonder") Hägg ran a breathtaking 4:01.4, the world record till last week.

By 1947, Roger Bannister, then 17, was

an undergraduate at Oxford. In the winter months, he proved an excellent snow shoveler, and as a reward for that distinction—not because anyone thought that he could really run—Bannister got a place as a third-string miler in the annual Oxford-Cambridge track match. He won the race with a dull but respectable 4:30.8. By 1950, carefully studying his stride, his pulse rate (a low 50), his oxygen intake (a high 5 liters) and his diet, Medical Student Bannister had reduced his time to 4:09.0. He had a good light-limbed build for running (6 ft. 1½ in., 154 lbs.). In the 1952 Olympics, Bannister was a well-beaten fourth. But last year, he ran an eye-opening 4:03.6, then ran a specially-paced 4:02.

Meanwhile, he could feel the hot breath of Australia's John Landy (4:02) and the U.S.'s Wes Santee (4:03.4). When self-taught Miler Bannister met Austrian Coach Franz Stampfl last November, he agreed for the first time to take some coaching. Stampfl set Bannister to work on arm and leg calisthenics and mountain climbing, taught him to pace himself precisely. A month ago, Bannister went to work in earnest, started off running seven consecutive half miles at a 2:03 pace.

The Race. In the train from London to Oxford last week, Roger Bannister was not at all sure that he wanted to run that day. It was raining and the wind was stiff. Never mind the weather, urged Coach Stampfl: it might actually challenge him to greater effort. "It got down to a discussion of what was bad weather," Stampfl recalled later. "Then we discussed how much was physical and how much was psychological motivation. We ended up talking about supernatural experiences."

At Oxford's rural Iffley Road Track, Bannister wandered about, undecided. The weather was clearing slowly. Five minutes

before the start of the annual Oxford v. British A.A.A. mile race, he decided to make his all-out attempt.

With two of Bannister's running mates, fellow A.A.A. Runners Chris Brasher and Chris Chataway, Trainer Stampfl had carefully worked out a plan. Brasher was to pace the first half-mile, have Chataway "challenge and pass" Bannister at that point and pull him into a fast three-quarter time. In the race, the plan worked perfectly. After a false start (Bannister held firm), Brasher dashed off into the lead. "Faster! Faster!" shouted Bannister at the 220-yd. mark. At the 440-yd. mark, Bannister was clocked in a sizzling 57.5 behind Brasher's pace. At 660 yds., Coach Stampfl shouted from the track side: "Relax! Relax!" Bannister's long-legged loping stride never changed as he hit the halfway point in 1:58.2.

Then, according to plan, Chataway sprinted into the lead. Bannister right at his heels. Some 300 yds. from the finish, Bannister began pouring it on, lengthening his stride for his famed finishing kick, his head rolled back, his neck painfully arched. He tore the tape and collapsed unconscious into the arms of Trainer Stampfl. "I wasn't thinking about anything in particular," he said afterward. "I saw the tape faintly ahead, put everything into getting there and that was the last I knew about it."

Over the loudspeakers came the meticulous voice of the announcer: ". . . A time which is a new meeting and track record, and which, subject to ratification, will be a new English native, a British national, a British all comers, European, British Empire and world record. The time was three . . ." At that point, the 1,500 track fans in the stands broke into such an uproar that the rest of the



Associated Press

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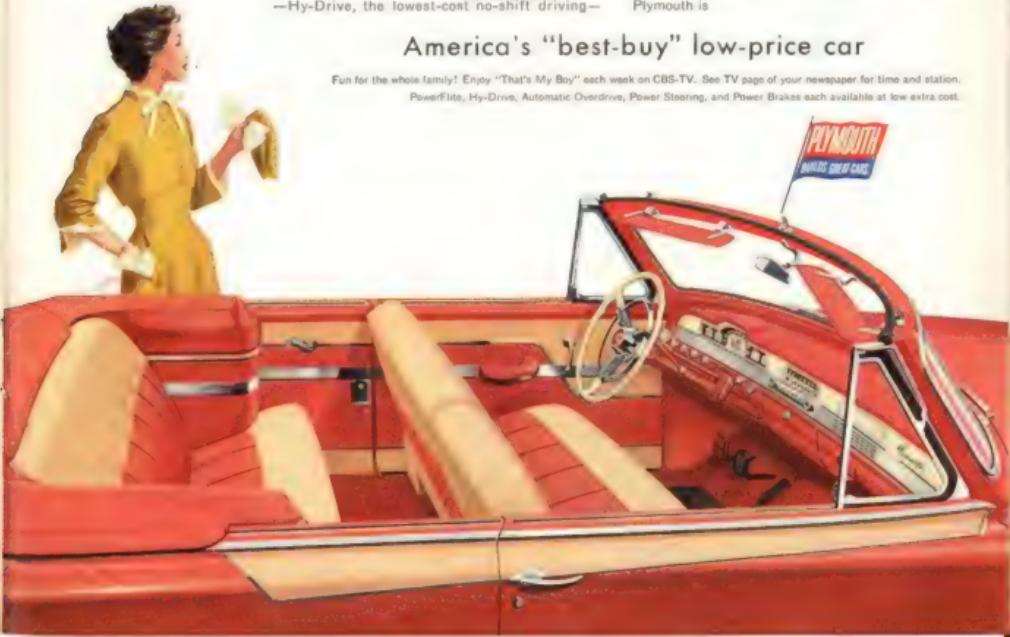
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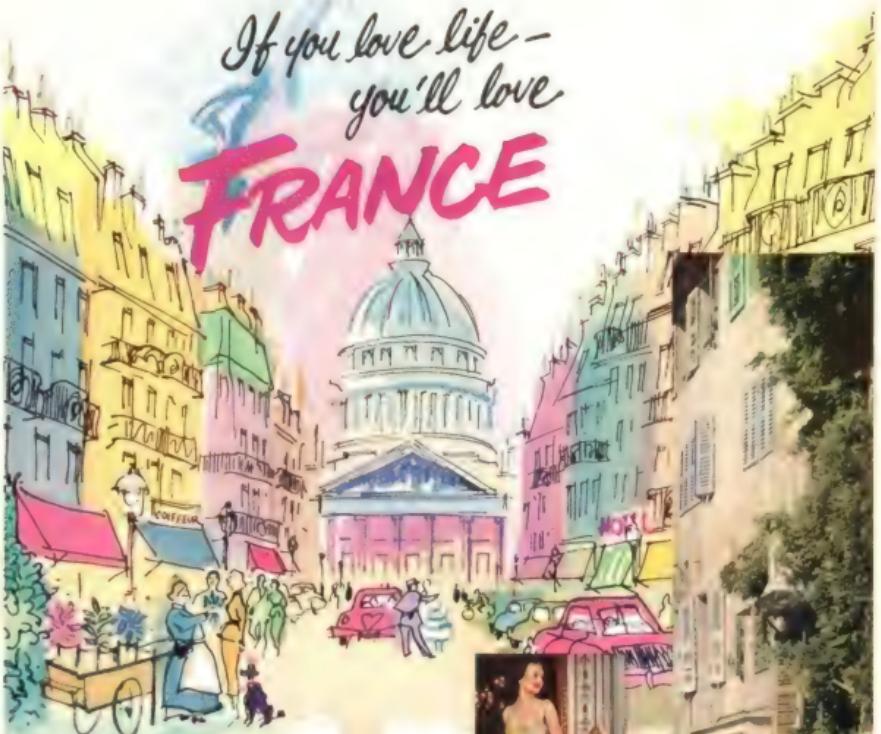
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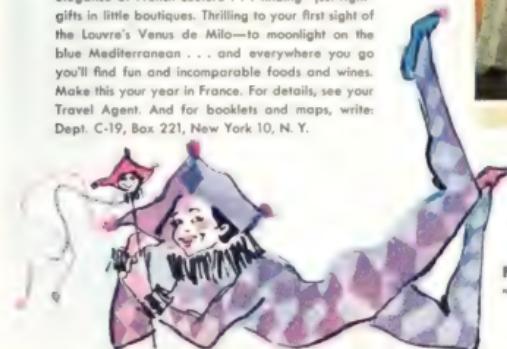
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announcement was lost: "Three minutes, fifty-nine and four-tenths seconds."

The Next Goal. Britain's newest hero was whisked that evening into London for a TV appearance, spent the rest of the evening in a nightclub with his running mates, breaking training with steaks and champagne until 5 a.m. By 10 a.m., he was back in class at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, where he gets his degree later this year. Bannister had no intention of resting on the glory of his record. Said he: "The wind may have cut me down by two or three seconds. I might make even better time in the future."

Trackmen were quick to predict that Bannister will be followed by a flock of four-minute milers. Their new goal: 3:55.

Second Asiad

The Japanese were the first Asian people to turn from the ceremonial, protocol-stiff sports (*sumo, jujitsu*) of their past to more competitive Western athletics. They have also consistently produced the only



ATSUKO NAMBU WINNING 100 METERS
Life with father helped.

Asian athletes to come really close to Western records. Last week at Manila, 18 Oriental nations (not including Red China) competed in the Second Asian Games and the Japanese again ran off and swam off with most of the honors. But competition from other Asian nations seemed to be getting stiffer.

Manila's Rizal Stadium was the scene of the Second Asiad, and a few Filipinos had trouble forgetting that the Japanese had holed up in that very spot for a last-ditch stand during the liberation of Manila in World War II. But such memories were soon drowned by roars of approval for the Japanese performances. One of the stars of the meet was a slender (5 ft. 4 in., 116 lbs.) 19-year-old Japanese girl named Atsuko Nambu, who won the 100-meter event, placed second at 200 meters and anchored the



"Gee, Mom, are we in the clouds?"

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Japanese women's relay team. (Atsuko's father, Chuhei Nambu, now an Osaka sportswriter, was the Olympic hop-step-jump champion in 1932). Other standouts in Manila:

¶ King-size (6 ft. 1 in., 210 lbs.) Parduman Singh of India, dubbed the "Samson" of the meet. Blackbearded Singh, a Sikh sergeant in the Indian army's armored corps, won the shotput (46 ft. 4½ in.) and discus (142 ft. 3½ in.).

¶ Pakistan's Abdul Khalil, 21, "fastest man in Asia," who, after only two years of running, won the 100-meter dash in 10.6 seconds (Olympic record: 10.3).

¶ South Korea's bantamweight (123½ lbs.) weightlifter Ho Yu In, who set a world mark of 285 lbs. for the two-hand clean and jerk.

¶ The Philippines' weightlifter Rodrigo Del Rosario, a featherweight (132½ lbs.), who broke his own world record with a two-hand press of 239.34 lbs.

Despite the brilliance of individual performers, no country could match the overall team balance of the Japanese, who won the Second Asian (as they had the first, in New Delhi in 1951) with a team score of 2,390 points. Runners-up: the Philippines, with 1,736½ points.

Scoreboard

¶ At Philadelphia, Navy's Olympic Champion crew, still almost intact from its 1952 triumph at Helsinki, showed its wake to two of the East's undefeated eights, beating Pennsylvania by a length. Harvard by two, for their 24th straight victory.

¶ In New York, making a 1954 debut,

Alfred G. Vanderbilt's great grey colt Native Dancer, odds-on (3-20), romped off with Belmont Park's \$15,000 Commando Purse. The race was a warmup for this week's Metropolitan, first event in racing's handicap triple crown, where the Dancer will carry 130 lbs.

¶ At White Sulphur Springs, W.Va., Herman Scharlau, a pro protégé of Tommy Armour, won the Greenbrier Open golf tournament in a sudden-death play-off against Home Pro Sammy Snead. Scharlau, 33, won his first major tournament victory (and \$2,000) when Snead flubbed a 2-ft. putt.

¶ At Ardmore, Okla., former National Open Champion Julius Boros, with rounds of 68, 69, 72, 70 (total: one under par), won the Ardmore Open.

¶ At Lawrence, Kans., Miler Wes Santee ignored his specialty to set an intercollegiate record of 8:58 for two miles. Old (1936) record: 8:58.3, set by Indiana's Don Lash.

¶ At Westhampton Beach, N.Y., Bill Eager of Newark, N.J., driving his Maserati at a 92.5-m.p.h. average, won the 1.5-mile Suffolk County Air Force Base race.

¶ The National Collegiate Athletic Association, tracking down "tryout" coddling of prospective lettermen, cracked down on seven colleges. Penalties ranging from reprimand up to one year's banishment from all tournament basketball play were levied against North Carolina State, Kansas State, Seton Hall, Hardin-Simmons, Texas Tech, West Texas State and Arizona.



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MUSIC

Words from a Music Lover

The world may not be getting tired of Composer Arthur Honegger, but Honegger is getting pretty tired of the world. His music has often been brilliant and provocative, e.g., in his oratorio *King David*, at other times about as profound as movie sound tracks, of which he has written dozens. This month, at 62, Honegger sounded off to Paris' *Franc-Tireur* on his favorite subject. Excerpts:

"There are works I used to like and can't hear any more. I literally don't hear them. The Beethoven symphonies, for example. After having heard them a few hundred times, it's as if I hear nothing but noise . . . Music is dying. The radio, that infernal machine, is helping to kill it. Always, always the same things . . . A composer needs contact with his listeners. Does he ever obtain it? No. They play Tchaikovsky . . . And still I'm one of the few composers who like music . . .

"It's all becoming more and more like a circus. They're giving to the public . . . four-year-old conductors in diapers, brought onto the stage with their little chamber pots . . . Our civilization is going to end soon, and music even sooner. All this will be replaced by something else—perhaps concrete music, when it's made by composers, not engineers."

Big Columbus Mystery

In fourteen hundred ninety-two, as any schoolboy knows, Columbus sailed the ocean blue to discover a passage to India. But that is not the way the story goes in *Christophe Colomb*, the 25-year-old opera by Darius Milhaud, with a text by French Poet Paul Claudel. In Rome last week, the gigantic work got a full stage performance for the first time since its 1930 Berlin première (it has had concert performances in Manhattan and Paris, abridged productions in Cologne and Buenos Aires). Unfortunately, Rome's critical opera audience was neither wholly delighted musically nor enlightened historically.

Untroubled by any theory that the earth is round, Milhaud's Columbus goes on a purely religious mission: his "new world" represents the "other world," the kingdom of heaven. Columbus himself (sung by Piero Guelfi) is first seen as an old man, fingering the shackles that once held him. Then, quick as an amoeba, he splits in two: the man as seen by his contemporaries and the hero posterity thinks him to be. He sets out on his mission partly because of the arrival of a mystical dove (representing the Holy Ghost), while beyond the seas, certain Mexican deities stir up frightful waves to discourage the expedition.

In the second half of the opera, the symbolism gets thicker: Columbus' shadow and conscience appear. At one point, Columbus I and II (a baritone and a basso, respectively) clasp each other and



PIERO GUELFI (AS COLUMBUS)
Much more than the ocean blue.

voe to be together in death, and the finale finds a general movement towards paradise as the dove appears in radiant glory while angels (and everybody else) sing a deafening "Hallelujah!"

To present this fascinating if confused spectacle properly, Rome's heavily state-subsidized opera pulled out all stops. Preparations started last November, rehearsals a month ago. For the final rehearsal week, all other performances were canceled. It was necessary: the opera has some 18 scenes, uses specially filmed movie footage (doves, clouds and scenes of violence) plus 50-odd full-color still projections (including El Greco's *The Fall of Icarus*). The cast included a chorus of 100, 48 solo parts and some 150 extras (redskins, sailors, Mexican gods).

Romans found the choral music interesting, occasionally quietly melodious and beautifully sung. They gave the work respectful applause, although they found the production as a whole just too much to take in, and never quite understandable. Old (61) Darius Milhaud, who was on hand for the occasion, had no such reservations. "I was so satisfied," he said, "that I couldn't suggest any change."

New Records

Berg: Violin Concerto (Louis Krasner; Cleveland Orchestra conducted by Artur Rodzinsky; Columbia). One of the greatest, most listenable concertos of the century, played by the man who introduced it in 1936. Written in the twelve-tone technique, it combines all the nervous subtleties of that idiom with the undeniable decadence of Berg's own style, but still appeals strongly to the ear. More complex (and less appealing) is the piece on the reverse side: another great modern



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Violin Concerto, by Berg's teacher, Arnold Schönberg, which still has a reputation as the most difficult concerto of all. Both are on LPs for the first time.

Lehar: *Land of Smiles* (Elisabeth Schwartzkopf, Nicolai Gedda, Erich Kunz; Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Otto Ackermann; Angel, 2 LPs). Lehar's famed oriental operetta (1931), which offers such grand old tunes as *Yours Is My Heart Alone* among its welter of melodies, gets what is probably its most elegant hearing with a first-rate cast and a luxurious recording.

Mendelssohn: Two-piano Concerto in E Major (Orazio Frugoni & Eduard Mrázek, pianists; Vienna Pro Musica Symphony conducted by Hans Swarowsky; Vox). A bright, attractive score written by Mendelssohn when he was only 15, and unperformed for more than a century. Pianist Frugoni, who tilted with a stubborn Soviet-zone librarian in Germany to bring the long-forgotten music to light (TIME, July 16, 1951), plays his part with high spirits.

Prokofiev: Violin Sonata No. 1 (David Oistrakh, violin, & Lev Oborin, piano; Vanguard). One of the world's finest fiddlers, Soviet Artist Oistrakh has never been recorded to better advantage. The subtlety of color, the sudden shock of ringing plucked strings, the driving intensity of dramatic episodes, all add up to the definitive recording of a major composition.

Rossini: Il Signor Bruschino (Elda Ribetti, Luigi Pontiggia; Milan Philharmonic conducted by Ennio Gerelli; Vox). A delightfully melodious little one-act opera, full of musical fun, the usual incredible plot, and some remarkably attractive singing.

Schnabel: Piano Concerto (Helen Schnabel; Vienna Orchestra conducted by F. Charles Adler; SFA). An early (1901) composition by the late dean of pianists. Coming from the man who later favored an ultra-dissonant, involved style, this lifting, MacDowell-style score falls with strange grace on the ear. The performance (by Schnabel's daughter-in-law) is clean and loving.

Ben Weber: Symphony on Poems of William Blake (Warren Galjour, baritone; Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra; Victor). Four poetic movements in the often unpoetic twelve-tone technique. While they do not immediately seem to evoke Blake's passionate poems, the mysterious and richly scored sounds make their own kind of appeal. Superior performance and recording.

Other notable new releases: Bach's St. Matthew Passion, sung by the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir and soloists under the direction of Sir Ernest MacMillan (Victor-Bluebird); Delius' A Mass of Life, performed by the Royal Philharmonic, with choir and soloists under Sir Thomas Beecham (Columbia); Mozart's Concerto in A Major, played by Clifford Curzon with the London Symphony under Josef Krips (London); Mozart's Symphony No. 40, played by the NBC Symphony under Arturo Toscanini (Victor).



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TIME, MAY 17, 1954

65

IMPERIALISM

Will Chaos or Order Take its Place?

TIME was when the nations of Europe, overflowing with vitality, sent men, money and ideas cascading to the ends of the earth. The flags of their empires were planted in every continent by warriors like Cortes and Clive, sailors like Columbus and Cook, explorers like Champlain and De Soto, by missionaries and by fugitives from religious persecution, by traders like the East India Company and Hudson's Bay Company. Modern imperialism reached its height in Europe's golden 19th century, when Kipling wrote *The White Man's Burden* and Empire-BUILDER Cecil Rhodes laid his hand on the map of Africa and predicted: "All British." In the 20th century, imperialism has become a word of reproach.

The color maps on the following four pages show the world's contemporary empires, at their peak and at their present ebb. Imperialism itself is in retreat: out of step with the 20th century, it is condemned to anachronism by the urgent drive of black man and yellow man to be free. But not all empires are doomed to sudden extinction. Britain's conspicuously has proven its ability to learn from defeat, to loosen the bonds of gunboat and ledger, and to command the loyalty of many of its subjects through freedom instead of force.

Toppling Empires. Imperialism's first great setback is easily pinpointed. It happened near Concord, Mass., one spring day in 1775. The American Revolution served notice that independence can be not only a faith but a fact. The faith spread like quicksilver—to Latin America, where Bolivar ousted the Spaniards, and the Portuguese beat a retreat; to Europe itself, where it mingled with British liberalism and the surge of the French Revolution (1789) to stir Poles, Czechs and Hungarians into clamor for nationhood. Imperialism in Europe faltered; it went down to defeat in the carnage of major war.

In World War I, four old empires died: the Russian, Prussian, Ottoman and Austro-Hungarian. The rot spread to Asia, and from the Middle East to Indo-China, the surge towards independence stirred among a billion people. World War II rocked the remaining empires: Japan's was liquidated; so was Mussolini's. In the past ten years, 600 million Arabs and Asians have won political independence, established ten new sovereign states.⁸ France, expelled from Syria and Lebanon after World War II, is on the way out of Indo-China. The once prosperous Dutch East Indies has become the unprosperous Republic of Indonesia. Britain, since World War II, has given freedom and democratic government to 470 million in India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon.

U.S. Involvement. The U.S. has long been pulling out of the colonial business—voluntarily. Hawaii and Alaska are close to statehood; Puerto Rico has been offered more independence than its loyal American citizens are willing to accept. In the Pacific, the U.S. is keeping most of the bases it won from Japan (e.g., Okinawa), but in the Philippines it can point with pride to unprecedented colonial achievement. The Philippine Republic is unique not because it is well run and democratic (many British colonies are, too), but because its people, vot-

⁸ India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon, Indonesia, South Korea, Israel, Jordan, The Philippines, Libya.

ing freely, elected President Ramon Magsaysay, a man whose platform is solidarity with the former "imperialist Yankee."

Yet, for all its pride and relief at being able to lay down its own white man's burden, the U.S. today is more mixed up with old-world colonialism than at any other time in its history. Committed to saving the world from Communist imperialism, which has enslaved 800 million while the West was letting 600 million go free, the U.S. has found itself desperately trying to shore up the French in Indo-China, applauding the British in Guinea and Malaya, voting in the U.N. with the so-called "colonial powers."

Filling the Vacuum. What has slowly changed this U.S. attitude (though not U.S. sympathy with the underdog) is 1) world responsibility, and 2) painful experience. Confronting a new and terrible slavery originating from Moscow, the U.S. recognized that a too-quick dismantling of the old empires might mortally weaken its allies (notably Britain and France), and still not bring liberty and strength to their helpless colonial peoples. Wherever the crumbling empires left small, untested states (e.g., Korea) whose weakness invited aggression, the U.S. found itself hurrying to fill the vacuum lest Communism fill it first. For its pains, the U.S. is denounced as "imperialist," not only by the Communists but often by those it is trying to help.

Experience has also taught Americans that not all colonial areas are fitted to stand alone. Some, e.g., Libya and Jordan, are too poor to pay their way without imperial subsidy. Others, like Indonesia, have yet to prove themselves capable of establishing stable governments. The tide of history has set against smaller nations: simply to dot the world with tiny self-governing states, unable to defend themselves, is likely to multiply weakness, dissipate strength.

There is evidence, too, that not all declarations of independence pave the way for democracy. The forms of freedom may be present (as in Argentina), but the spirit often proves weak. Self-government in some ex-colonies, e.g., South Africa, meant only that the illiterate masses exchanged masters, becoming the property of a local white elite that is at least as overbearing as the ousted imperialists, and a good deal less humane.

New U.S. Look. The radical change in official U.S. thinking on colonialism may not yet have penetrated to the speeches of Fourth of July orators, where other and simpler cries prevail. But it is real. Last year the U.S. State Department declared: "It is a hard, inescapable fact that premature independence can be dangerous, retrogressive and destructive. There are areas in which there is no concept of community relationships beyond the family or tribe . . . regions where human beings are unable to cope with disease, famine and other forces of nature. Premature independence for these people would not serve the interests of the U.S. nor the interests of the Free World as a whole. Least of all would it serve the interests of the dependent peoples themselves."

None of this means that the U.S. is now in favor of the old colonialism. It only means an increasing sophistication about the relative merits and demerits of colonialism. There are six old empires left, three large and three small. Together, the six empires govern 172 million people and one-seventh of the world's land surface.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Imperial experience has taught the British a lot. Britain now believes that an agile balance of concede and conserve can transform a restless empire into a friendly commonwealth. The process makes the British empire hard to define because, as British Historian Eric Walker wrote: "It is the rearward portion of a procession, a large part of which has long since crossed the flood that divided dependence from autonomy, and part is crossing now."

Thirty-five British colonies in five continents, and dotting the seven seas, are still ruled directly from Whitehall. Among them are the massive tracts of Tanganyika and Nigeria, the island arcs of the Solomons and the Lesser Antilles, such

BRITISH COMMONWEALTH



FRENCH UNION

French Union today
Former possessions

Tahiti
Society
Marquesas

Pacific Ocean
8,000 m.
7,000
6,000

Louisiana Seas
NORTH AMERICA

5,000
4,000
3,000
2,000

Miquelon,
St Pierre
Hispaniola
Guadeloupe
Martinique
GUANA

Shanghai
Kwangtung
CHINA
INDO-CHINA
Yanam
Pondicherry
Karikal
Mahe

Neolithic
Europe
Iberia
Corsica
Tunisia
ALGERIA
WEST AFRICA
EQUATORIAL
AFRICA
SOMALILAND
EGYPT
SYRIA

INDIA
YANAM
Pondicherry
Karikal
Mahe
MAURITIUS
Réunion
Comoros
MADAGASCAR
Kerguelen
Amsterdam
St Paul

Falklands

Afghanist. Ocean

ANTARCTICA

South Pole

Loyalty
New Caledonia
New Hebrides

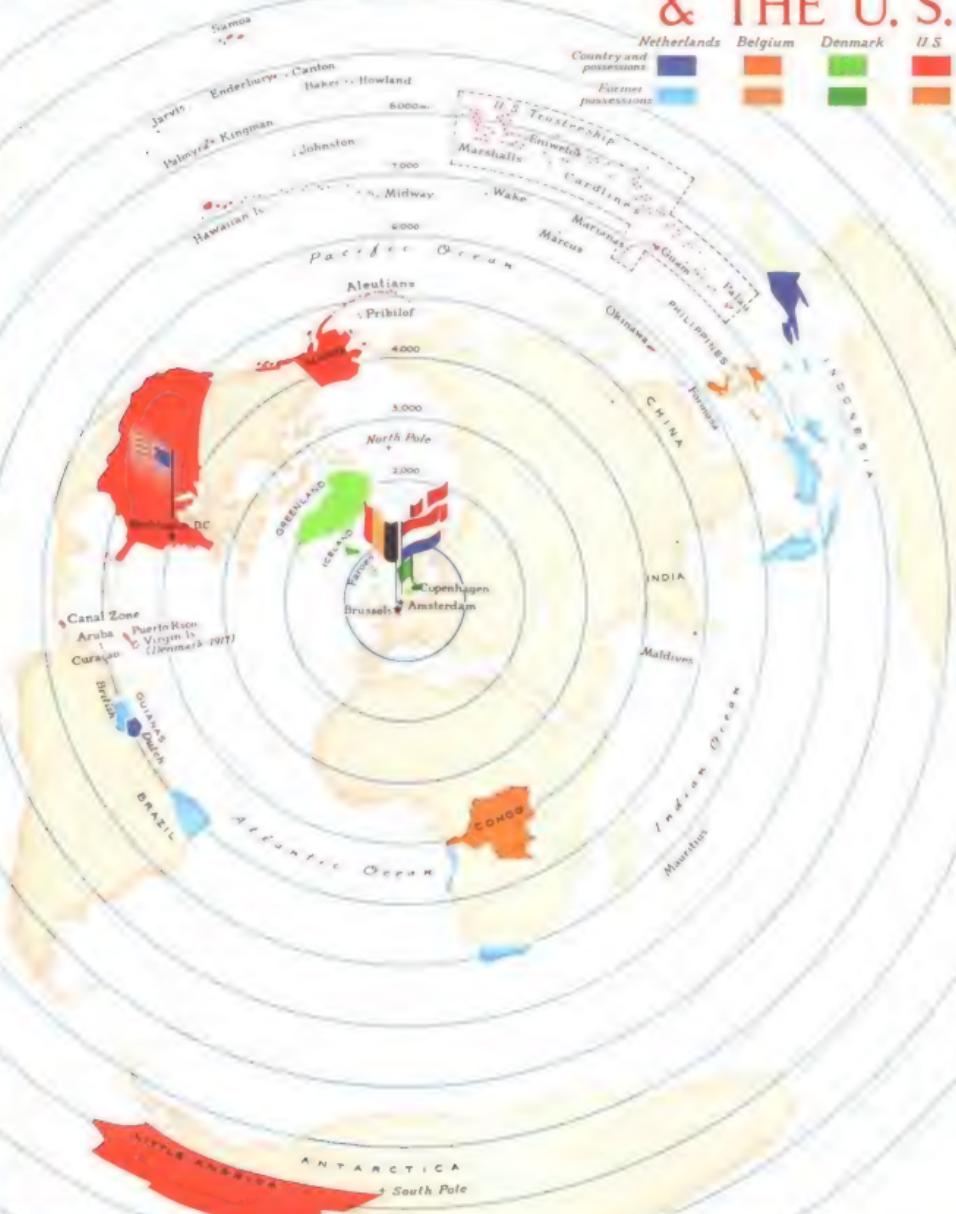
SPAIN & PORTUGAL

Spain and possessions
Former possessions

Portugal and possessions
Former possessions



NETHERLANDS, BELGIUM, DENMARK & THE U.S.



pinprick naval bases as Malta and Ascension (35 sq. mi.), which was administered for 107 years as one of Her Majesty's warships.* Britain's colonies were picked up, along with the commonwealth, in what the British like to call "a fit of absence of mind." Most of them were the concomitants of sea power and the search for overseas markets, but some were political accidents, like the colony of Pitcairn Island, where mutineers from the *Bounty* settled in 1790.

The faster Britain's empire has dwindled, the more precious the rest of it has become. The loss of the vast Sudan last year brought a hardening of British attitudes in Suez and Kenya. Communist revolt in Malaya made drastic action certain when other Reds made trouble in British Guiana. Not surprisingly, postwar Britain has turned to its colonies to 1) recoup its economy, and 2) restore its prestige. British Africa, with the bulk of the empire's area and population, gets top priority.

Since 1945 Britain has poured billions into African development. Spread among so many who need so much, it sparked no great boom, yet in copper-rich Northern Rhodesia, one town grew so fast that its public-health officials were temporarily officed in a disused public lavatory, with boards nailed over the toilet seats to provide desks and chairs. Across the continent, Gold Coast and Nigeria are becoming useful dollar earners and an important British market.

Officially, the British encourage self-government in all their colonies. Where the populations are all one color, e.g., Gold Coast, the gamble pays off. But in white-settled colonies, such as Kenya, it has often led to trouble because the white minority, with Whitehall's restrictions relaxed, turned down the screws on the blacks.

THE FRENCH EMPIRE

Eighteenth-Century France lost one empire—in India and North America—to British sea power. Her modern empire, still the world's largest, comprises Indo-China and a series of colonies strewn across the westward bulge of Africa in an area the size of the continental U.S. Total population: 79 million, one-third of which is in Indo-China.

French colonial policy is unabashedly mercantilist. The colonies supply France with raw materials and protected markets; in return, a native elite is eligible for "assimilation," or at least "association," with French culture. The most attractive feature: no color bar. The French tap their colonies, notably Senegal, for military manpower. They hope that the overseas territories will one day make France "a nation of 100 million," able to over-match the Germans. That this is impracticable is tragically apparent in war-torn Indo-China and in French North Africa, where Arab nationalism and the slow wrath of peasant peoples threaten to whisk away all alien forms.

France's Negro colonies, e.g., Equatorial Africa, are ruled by governors whose favorite maxim is: "What we have we hold." They fear, with good reason, that the loss of its African empire could reduce France to military insignificance. One result is that Paris still stubbornly adheres to the ruling laid down in World War II by General Charles de Gaulle's government: "The eventual creation, even in the distant future, of autonomy for the French colonies must be ruled out."

THE BELGIAN EMPIRE

In the 19th century scramble for Africa, Belgians took the Congo, an equatorial treasure chest. So times the size of Belgium. Much of it still looks like a scene from *The African Queen*. The Congo's 11 million blacks are ruled by 70,000 whites whose motto is "*Dominer pour servir*" (Rule to serve).

Congo cities are booming. Congolese Negroes by the thousands earn what is for them fat pay packets, build comfortable homes, send their children to good vocational schools and a Congo college which soon will be expanded into a university. Most of the credit goes to a tough Belgian administration that

puts business before politics. No Congolese (black or white) has any political rights, and self-government is unlikely for many years. Yet, unlike many British colonies where black Oxonians denounce their British tutors in the name of Karl Marx, the Congo seems content with bread and no votes. If Belgium got out, the free world and Africa would be the losers.

Glory That Was. The three smaller empires are remnants of vaster realms that once were glorious:

¶ The Netherlands empire, once flowing with Sumatra oil, Bali spices and Java tea, is left with only Dutch Guiana (pop. 275,000), oil-refining Curaçao and the western half of unnamed New Guinea.

¶ Spain controls the debris of the vast imperium whose bold conquistadores once seized the Western Hemisphere, from Buenos Aires to San Francisco. In 1493 Pope Alexander VI issued a bull dividing the overseas world between Spain and Portugal; today Spain holds Spanish Morocco, and such fruitless African enclaves as Rio de Oro.

¶ Portugal's empire was Western Europe's first. Soldiers, missionaries and traders built it, rounding the Cape of Good Hope in 1487. Today the Portuguese empire is in effect an empire in the way, impeding communication along Africa's only east-west railroad. Angola (pop. 3,700,000) has some good settler country, but most of it belongs to the flies. Mozambique (Portuguese East Africa) lives off its landlocked British neighbors, but with U.S. Point Four aid, Portugal hopes that one day it will pay its way.

U.S. Dilemma. One way or the other, the U.S. is committed to defend all six colonial powers (though not their empires). Its stake in their colonies is large: from the old empires. American industry gets much of its rubber, palm oil, cocoa, tin, copper. There are dozens of U.S. air bases in colonial territories. U.S. atomic power depends heavily on Congo uranium.

Standing as a great third party, the U.S. finds itself caught in the middle—between struggling colonial peoples who look to U.S. leadership to set them free, and the empires themselves, who are still its strongest allies. The U.S. dilemma is serious, wrote Dr. Grayson Kirk, president of Columbia University. "We must bend every effort to convince the European governments that we are not trying, out of sheer, fuzzy-minded liberalism, to aid and abet those who want to give their empires away. On the other hand, we dare not let ourselves be put in the position of trying to prop up the decaying structures of last-century imperialism . . ."

U.S. Policy. What the U.S. needs is a new set of measuring rods by which to judge its own self-interest in the clash between awakening colonial peoples and their imperial masters. Henry A. Byroade, the U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern, South Asian and African Affairs, recently provided such a set. West Pointer Byroade laid down two guiding principles that henceforth will shape U.S. attitudes towards colonialism: progress and order.

The U.S., said Byroade, recognizes that "the disintegration of the old colonialism is inevitable. We believe that much blood and treasure may be saved if the Western world determines firmly to hasten rather than hamper . . . orderly evolution to self-determination." But the U.S. will not sponsor independence simply for its own sake. "We want [colonial peoples] to maintain their independence against the new Soviet imperialism. We do not want the vast labor and pain expended in the struggle for freedom to be wasted by the premature creation of a state that will collapse like a stack of cards at the first hint of difficulty . . ." In short, the progress must be real, and to be real it must endure.

Order, the second principle, means that the U.S. expects that a newly independent people will not prove a menace to its own minorities, or a nuisance to its neighbors. The U.S. Byroade suggested, expects new nations to be capable of 1) meeting their obligations to all other nations, including the old empires; 2) tackling their age-old problems of poverty, disease and social discrimination; 3) protecting human rights.

Whatever newborn nation resolves to do these things will be helping itself. And in so doing, it can count on the U.S.

* A fact which may have occurred to Winston Churchill when he once interrupted a debate on constitutional reform for Malta with the remark that the House of Commons might just as well discuss a constitution for a battleship.

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- Training and Safety**—Safety campaigns, Teaching, Reports, Fire prevention
- Personnel**—Identification photos, Job description, Orientation, Payroll records, Employee personal records, House organs, Health records, Bulletins
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MEDICINE

"Can You Measure Love?"

Though a few psychiatrists have applauded the sex studies of Biologist Alfred C. Kinsey, most have opposed his work, largely on the ground that he was muscling in on their territory without sufficient qualifications. One who formerly backed Kinsey for his research on males has now turned against him: Topeka's famed Dr. Karl A. Menninger. Last week, before 160 mind-doctors and their guests at an American Psychiatric Association dinner in St. Louis, the two battled it out.

Said Psychoanalyst Menninger: "This

the mass of you." In fact, he said, there has been "no more loyal group" than the psychiatrists supporting his research.

As for love, which Menninger accused him of ignoring, Kinsey asked: "How can you measure love? Nobody knows how to approach it scientifically. We shall never write about love, but that doesn't mean that I as an individual don't recognize its value." On the allegation that he translates data from the animal kingdom into human sexuality, Kinsey countered that he had not tried to draw analogies. Anyhow, he added: "Animal data are ignored in no other branch of medicine [than



MENNINGER & KINSEY
They disagreed about women.

book [*Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*]—TIME, Aug. 24] does not represent American women, much less the human female. It should have been labeled 'What 5,000 or 6,000 rather talkative ladies told me about sexual behavior of women in the U.S. under certain conditions'... I don't much care what they said because I don't believe them."

Dr. Menninger scoffed at "a certain naivete in Dr. Kinsey's approach to the problem." Accurate scientific research into human sexuality is more difficult than among Kinsey's first subjects, the gall wasps, he said, "since sex is something that people do only in a bedroom." He criticized Kinsey's attempt to express human sex life in statistics showing the frequency of orgasm. "Is orgasm the goal of life? There is some importance, after all, in reproduction of the species."

Replied Kinsey: criticism of his methods of collecting data was either "careless reasoning or malicious misinterpretation." He tried to cut Menninger off from his colleagues: "I do not believe that those [psychiatrists] who have been most vocal in criticizing what we have done represent

psychiatry]. It is apparently a disgrace to be a biologist, a disgrace to be a scientist. It is a sorry day for psychiatry when it publicly disclaims any connection with science."

Faith & Healing

Modern scientific medicine is defeating itself. What the patient wants is not so much impersonal, technical skill as reassuring personal contact with a healer. As a result, faith healers, instead of fading away as science improves its knowledge and methods, are multiplying all around. These were the conclusions reached by 40 assorted scientists attending the International Congress of Parapsychology at Saint-Paul in Southern France.

Does It Really Work? As they headed for home last week after ten days of contemplation and discussion among the terraced vineyards of Provence, the delegates were agreed that they must find out, by cold scientific investigations, more about the occult arts. There was no doubt that a fertile field lay before them. Author Maurice Colimon had investigated faith healers in France for eight years—first as

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a newspaperman, then posing successively as a healer, front man for an Oriental fakir, and a mortally sick man. His most startling report: "unorthodox" healers are now 48,000 strong and outnumber the country's 42,000 licensed physicians. They are also increasing rapidly east of the Rhine, a German delegate reported.

Do faith healers really heal? From a Harley Street specialist, Dr. Louis Rose, came a resounding no. He had checked hundreds of cures claimed for British faith healers and could find no evidence that they had any paranormal powers. Admittedly, some patients felt better, but this was a psychological reaction, Dr. Rose insisted, and there were no organic changes.

Some healers, at least, may have unusual powers, suggested Italy's Professor Emilio Servadio. Patients treated by the Mago di Napoli, who is raking in \$4,000 a week in Rome (TIME, Feb. 23, 1953), always spoke of feeling a current of air when the healer raised his hands. So Servadio lured the Mago into a laboratory with concealed anemometers. He found to his amazement that when the Mago raised his hands, he displaced a column of air four feet across.

Tests Ahead. Though most delegates remained skeptical about the faith healers' methods, they were tolerant of their objective. Said Psychologist David van Lennep of Utrecht: "Healers are excessive egocentrists, while those who go to them have no communication with the outside world. When they go to a regular doctor, they are just put into a medicine factory." Jesuit Father Louis Beirnaert, a practicing psychoanalyst, complained: "We have spent too much time criticizing healers because they are not doctors and not enough time criticizing doctors who are not healers."

To aid the search for objective truths, Dr. François Leuret invited five parapsychologists to visit Lourdes in October. They will be able to check the grotto's "baffling" cures and give psychological tests to the cured.

Sleuths in the Morgue

Might not the nature of the injuries reveal something to my medical instincts? . . . *The left parietal bone and the left half of the occipital bone had been shattered by a heavy blow from a blunt weapon. I marked the spot on my own head. Clearly such a blow must have been struck from behind . . .*

These ruminations of Dr. Watson in the *Boscombe Valley Mystery* would seem elementary to Dr. Thomas Arthur Gonzales, New York City's chief medical examiner for 17 years. Yet U.S. cities have long ignored what every Sherlock Holmes fan knows: that in fighting crime, the most important clues are often furnished by medicine. When Dr. Gonzales went to work in the newly created office of medical examiner in 1918, it was common enough for crimes of violence to go undetected, and not uncommon for sudden deaths to result in criminal charges against innocent people. The teeming, sprawling

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by
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President
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Every business seems to me, moves at a tempo all its own. See if you agree?

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city was switching over from the anti-qualified coroner system* to one requiring that every violent or unexplained death be checked by medical sleuths with modern scientific devices. Pathologist Gonzales helped to build the department from scratch, and in 1937 became its head.

Soil in the Trouser Cuffs. Whenever a body is found after sudden, violent or unexplained death, one of the 24 medical examiners must be on the spot before it is moved. With routine examination of all bodies destined for cremation (to prevent destruction of evidence), this means that 20,000 of the city's annual 100,000 deaths are checked. About 350 involve homicide. Every day, from ten to 20 painstaking autopsies are performed; each body is carefully examined not only for poisons but for hidden signs of wounds, or for internal evidence of strangulation (which may have been committed without the



PATHOLOGIST GONZALES
To him, Watson is elementary.

slightest bruise on the neck). Blood groupings studied include not only the familiar A, B, AB, and O, but esoteric fractions which give a total of 50,000 or more possible combinations.

One of the new-fangled detective gadgets with which Dr. Gonzales himself pioneered was the spectrograph. In 1942 the husband of a woman found strangled in Central Park had seven witnesses to swear that he had been at a dance at the time of her death. But spectrograph analysis of soil in his trouser cuffs broke his alibi and clinched the case that sent him to the electric chair.

Lipstick on the Pillow. In 1947 a woman in a midtown hotel room appeared to have died in her sleep about 24 hours earlier. Dr. Milton Helpern, deputy chief

* Under which much of the U.S. still suffers, with politicians seeking the elective coroner's job for petty patronage. In many jurisdictions, they need not be physicians or even call one in unless the element of violence is obvious.

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examiner, noted small hemorrhages on the eyeballs, suggesting suffocation. But she was lying face up. Then he saw that a smear on the pillow matched the lipstick she was wearing. That clinched his suspicion. Detectives tracked down her estranged husband, and he confessed having strangled his wife. If the body had been moved, Dr. Helpern would have missed the telltale clue.

But the examiners are not prosecutors seeking convictions. Dr. Helpern is no less proud of a case in which he exonerated a man who had shot his father. Self-defense, he pleaded. However, in trying to save the old man's life, doctors had operated and obliterated a bullet hole in his stomach. Then they mistook a hole in his back, through which the bullet had left, for its portal of entry. Murder, the state claimed. With powder burns on clothing, Dr. Helpern showed that the father had been shot from the front at close range. The plea of self-defense was sustained.

Last week the office had a new chief. Dr. Gonzales retired at 76, after 36 years as medical examiner. His successor: Dr. Helpern, 52, promptly named because there was scarcely a qualified rival in the field of forensic medicine. A successful medical examiner, says Dr. Helpern, must be more than a competent physician and a trained pathologist: "He's got to have a hunch about the unusual case if he's going to solve it."

Capsules

¶ The Tobacco Industry Research Committee, set up to study the medical effects of smoking (TIME, Jan. 11), named an advisory group of seven prominent scientists and medical investigators. Provisional chairman: Dr. Clarence Cook Little of Bar Harbor, Me.

¶ Gnashing or grinding the teeth under nervous tension is "tooth doodling" to Columbia University's Dr. Lewis Fox, and, he reported, it does serious damage to both teeth and gums. His advice: learn to relax, with "lips together, teeth apart."

¶ Acute nephritis (inflammation of the kidneys) has puzzled doctors because, like rheumatic fever, it follows "strep" infections, but irregularly and in no detectable pattern. A team of Cleveland researchers headed by Dr. Charles Rammelkamp Jr. has found the answer: only two (types 4 and 12) out of 46 kinds of streptococci cause nephritis. And thorough penicillin treatment of the strep throat will ward off the kidney disease.

¶ The North Carolina Medical Society overwhelmingly rejected a proposal to take in Negro doctors. Argued Dr. Millard Hill of Raleigh: as members, they would "seek to capitalize on their privileges and try to mix socially with whites."

¶ Doctors who gave up using ACTH for some common eye diseases quit too soon, two Michigan researchers told the Association of American Physicians. For inflammation of the optic nerve, and also for degenerative diseases of the choroid and retina, ACTH can be given for a year or two, may then restore 20-20 vision to patients who have been almost blind.

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SCIENCE

Strategic Eclipse

Solar eclipses were once innocent festivals of science, observed for the blameless information that could be extracted from them. That age has passed. Last week the Air Force Cambridge Research Center told how the eclipse of next June 30 will be organized as elaborately as a major bombing raid.

The actual observing will be done by civilian scientists, U.S. and foreign, coordinated by the American Geographical Society, but the Air Force will finance the costly campaign. It will airlift the scientists to inaccessible sites and supply them with intricate gear and radio time signals. In return, the Air Force hopes to get more accurate information about the shape of the earth and about distances between widely separated points on its surface. Both of these items would be of value in

high-speed motion pictures of the eclipse, 2) watching photoelectrically for the moment when the light from the sun is weakest, 3) photographing the sun's spectrum, which changes character sharply during the event. Use of all three methods, the scientists hope, will give the instant of totality to one hundredth or even one thousandth of a second. Thus, the distance between North America and Europe may be computed with an error of only 150 ft.

No such accuracy would be possible without consideration of the moon's rugged topography. So the Naval Observatory (as interested in practical geodesy as the Air Force is) has supplied a new and accurate map of lunar mountains and plains that will show on June 30 at the edge of the moon's disk. Shafts of sunlight slipping through lu-

stage will enter an orbit 190 miles above the earth's surface. Then the propulsive parts will fall away and let the spherical Mouse continue on its own. It will circumnavigate the earth every 90 minutes, but will not do so "forever." There is still a little air at 190 miles, and friction will slow the Mouse until it finally sinks into denser air and crashes to earth or, more likely, burns up. Since it will not be manned, even by monkeys or mice, its demise will be no disaster.

Singer believes that the Mouse will stay up long enough to send back a wealth of information. It can analyze virgin sunlight that has not been altered by passing through the atmosphere. It can measure the earth's magnetic field, catch cosmic rays and observe the particles shot from the sun that cause the aurora.

All this information will be sent back to



dispatching aircraft or guided missiles to global targets.

When the great, round shadow of the moon sweeps across the earth next June from Nebraska to India, its speed will be known accurately from astronomical data. It will be like a railroad train traveling at known speed past stations whose distances apart are not known as accurately. By pinpointing the train's time of arrival at each station, the distances between stations can be computed.

The "stations" on the path of the solar eclipse will be ten well-equipped observatories strung out from Canada to Iran (see map). The biggest gap will be in the U.S.S.R., where the Russians presumably have stations of their own. As the shadow sweeps past, each observatory will determine the instant of totality, i.e., the time when the moon is centered in front of the sun. This can be done by 1) taking

nar passes can be allowed for in figuring totality. If such calculations were not made, the error of fitting the North Atlantic to missile warfare would increase about ten times.

Space Mouse

Most proposals for space flights (with space suits and space taxis and space garbage disposal) have been fine for the science-fiction trade but far ahead of practicality. Last week, Physics Professor Fred S. Singer of the University of Maryland told about a less ambitious space vehicle. Its name is the Mouse (for Minimum Orbital Unmanned Satellite of the Earth), and Singer thinks it should be man's next step toward space travel.

Circling Sphere. The Mouse will be a sphere, weighing 100 lbs. and packed with instruments, that will be carried up by a three-stage rocket. The third and final



Photo by David Henderson—U.S. Navy

earth by the Mouse's automatic radio. Professor Singer suggests that the Mouse be put on an orbit that passes over both the poles. The earth will turn below the orbit, but the Mouse will cross one of the poles every 45 minutes, and airplanes can be sent to the polar regions to interview it. On the Mouse will be a receiving apparatus to pick up a signal from the airplane. When the signal arrives, a magnetic tape will start moving and send, in 30 seconds of telemetered code, all the information that the Mouse has gathered in its last trip from pole to pole. Brief messages are desirable, because electric power will have to come from some sort of battery. Later on, thinks the professor, a Supermouse can be sent up higher, stay up longer, and get its power from sunlight.

Precious Data. The cost of the Mouse, says Professor Singer, will be modest. He thinks that if five Mice are built, they should cost \$1,000,000 each, which is less than the cost of a B-47 (\$2,500,000). For this sum, U.S. scientists will get precious information beyond the capacities of present-day rockets.

The U.S. military will get data about the fringes of the atmosphere, where guided missiles will fly. The U.S. as a whole will gain prestige as the first nation to get a satellite, even if only a Mouse, on an earth-circling orbit.



Highball

Our Concise Dictionary says: High-ball (hī bōl) *n. Am.* whiskey, brandy, etc. mixed with soda water or ginger ale and served with ice in a tall glass.

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Anti-Proton?

Normal matter is organized into tight little worlds—atoms—with positive protons in their nuclei and negative electrons revolving around them. There is also a homeless waif, the positron (positive electron), that seems to have no place in this orderly scheme. Born in atomic catastrophes, it lives only until it hits a normal electron. Then the two "annihilate" one another, turning into gamma rays.

Some physicists have reasoned that since positrons exist, there should be negative protons (anti-protons), around which positrons could revolve to form atoms of "reversed matter." Last week a group at Massachusetts Institute of Technology headed by Professor Bruno Rossi, reported that a strange intruder from space had entered one of its cosmic-ray cloud chambers. When it first showed up, it behaved like a rather slow-moving heavy particle. Then it hit a brass plate in the apparatus and set off three powerful electron "cascades" that appeared to have been started by high-energy gamma rays.

Professor Rossi believes that the original particle may have been an anti-proton that hit a normal proton in the brass plate and annihilated it. Apparently the encounter produced nothing but energy, and it produced too much (about 1.3 billion electron-volts) to be accounted for by any other process.

No one knows where such an outlaw particle could have come from. One colorful theory holds that somewhere in the universe there may be stars or whole galaxies made of reversed matter. From them escape anti-protons that wander through space, perhaps for billions of years, until they hit normal protons (as in Professor Rossi's brass plate) and are annihilated.

Ice-Free Arctic?

The Arctic icecap, covering some 3,000,000 square miles from Greenland to Northeastern Siberia, is the source of cold winds and ocean currents that affect the climate of the northern hemisphere. Last week Edward L. Corton Jr. of the U.S. Navy Hydrographic Office released the first results of a continuing analysis of the polar wasteland.

Navy oceanographers found that one-tenth of the ice melts each summer, and the ice layer's thickness is reduced to two or three meters. At present, the pack contains only 6,500 cubic miles of ice (barely enough to cover the state of Texas with a 125-ft. layer), and it is steadily shrinking. Since 1900, the thickness of the polar icecap has decreased by three feet because of higher general temperatures.

If the trend continues, predicts Corton, the Arctic Ocean will eventually lose its permanent ice, freezing only in winter; at that point, none of the ice will reach the hard-core polar stage. The Navy's tentative long-range forecast: "Great changes in climate will take place. This change . . . may foreshadow the end of the current ice age, but no timetable is set for this development."

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RADIO & TV

Daddy with a Difference

In television's stable of 35 home-life comedies, it is a rare show that treats Father as anything more than the mouse of the house—a bumbling, well-meaning idiot who is putty in the hands of his wife and family. Latest but different entry in this competition to sell Pop short is a boisterous CBS show from Hollywood called *That's My Boy!* (Sat., 10 p.m., E.D.T.; sponsor: Plymouth). Dad, as portrayed by spade-jawed Supper Club Comic Eddie Mayehoff, is a middle-aged, nine-letter man out of old Rossmore U. whose driving passion is to make a he-man



Gene Howard—Graphic House

MAYEHOFF & STRATTON

A quip off the old block.

out of his skinny son, a 17-year-old bookworm who gets his exercise by reading without his glasses.

Now five programs old and still burdened by a lot of the usual slapstick, *That's My Boy!* is nevertheless making a meaningful attempt to get pathos as well as humor out of the delicate, universal problem of father & son.

A Wide Difference. Two reasons for its higher-than-average caliber are Producer-Writer Cy Howard, an old radio-TV star (*Luigi, My Friend Irma*), and the star of the piece, 44-year-old Eddie Mayehoff. Three years ago, in the Howard-written movie, *That's My Boy!*, Comedian Mayehoff qualified for some kind of screen immortality by stealing the show from two Dillingers of scene stealing, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. Mayehoff played Jarrin-Jack Jackson, the all-American has-been. That role, now revived for television, seems a natural. Mayehoff feels that the character has been with him all his life. His father, he says, was a successful clothing manufacturer in Norwalk, Conn. He had a plan for his son, a truly Teddy



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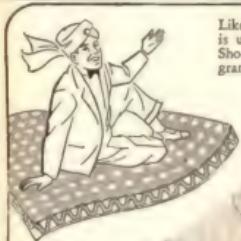
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Roosevelt sort of plan. The son did not live up to the dream. The distance between the father and his son was a wide and lonely one."

Father Mayehoff reluctantly paid Eddie's way through Yale's School of Music, but saw little promise in his boy's taking over the Collegians, a school band started by Rudy Vallee. Five years out of Yale (class of '32), Bandleader Eddie was still plugging along in the small time. Says Eddie of his father: "We had very little contact with one another. It was an uncomfortable, heart-eating situation." Then, at a screening of the movie *That's My Boy*, the elder Mayehoff, after silently watching his son portray a father who does not understand his son, announced at last that he was proud of Eddie.

Closing the Gap In the TV show, Jarrin' Jack can never quite reconcile himself to the fact that Junior is not a muscular fresh-air fiend like himself, but a studious type who collects tropical fish. Junior is convincingly played by Gil Stratton Jr., burr head, droop jaw, horn rims and all. What particularly jars Jack is the knowledge that the son of his meek, pint-sized office bookkeeper is a strapping answer to a football coach's prayer. Yet in program four, after Pop has the bookkeeper's boy underfoot for a weekend, he finds that he much prefers his own chess-playing son, who at least does not eat like a horse and grab the sports page.

Scripter Howard, who says he never had a more difficult program to write, is trying to ease up on its heavy-handed humor: "The villain in this show is not Daddy and it's not Junior—it's the great wide gap between them. To show that, I had to do the show in sharp black & white. Now I can begin closing the gap."

Actor Mayehoff insists that Jarrin' Jack must be treated with sympathy: "You can't make a fool of the father, because the father is like all fathers. I'll bet you this: this show has a greater degree of self-identification than any other show on television."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, May 14. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Let's Pretend (Sat. 2 p.m., CBS). Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea*.

Salute to Eugene O'Neill (Sat. 6:30 p.m., NBC). Helen Hayes, Shirley Booth, Joseph Cotten. Geraldine Page.

East of Athens (Mon. 6:15 p.m., CBS). A new look at the Middle East.

TELEVISION

Person to Person (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Deborah Kerr and Wally Cox.

Bank on the Stars (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). A new quiz, with Bill Cullen.

Hallmark Hall of Fame (Sun. 5 p.m., NBC). Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*.

Colgate Comedy Hour (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Eddie Cantor, Milton Berle, Eddie Fisher, Connie Russell.

Four Star Playhouse (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). Charles Boyer in *Backstage*.



Baseball Diamonds—The vinyl-treated nylon infield cover supplied by Bemis for Busch Stadium, home of the St. Louis Cardinals, is so light and easily handled it is laid and removed by only nine field crew men. It took eighteen men—and longer time—to handle the old, conventional cover . . . a big labor saving.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

River of No Return [20th Century Fox] has Marilyn Monroe, CinemaScope, Technicolor, a lovable youngster, Indians, some handsome mountain scenery, and just about every other tested box-office ingredient that Writer Frank Fenton and Director Otto Preminger could think of. Actually, all Preminger needed for a successful movie was Marilyn to sing and hip-swing her way through honky-tonks, cascading rapids and woodland groves.

The plot is best summed up by a recurrent phrase in the picture: "The country's alive with Indians." Through this red-man-infested landscape moves Rory Calhoun (delicately described as Marilyn's fiancé), carrying a mining claim



MITCHUM & MONROE
For nature lovers, a double feature.

won in a card game, and astride a horse stolen from honest Farmer Robert Mitchum. After Rory, on a raft, come Widower Mitchum, his ten-year-old son (Tommy Rettig) and Actress Monroe. In making the trek, Mitchum wrestles in turn with a mountain lion, a knife-wielding badman, several Indians, and Marilyn. She gives him by far the toughest scrap. Mitchum also plays a scene calculated to set up a wolf-call cacophony from one end of the nation to the other: he sternly tells a drenched Marilyn to get undressed, and then gives her a brisk rub-down while the Monroe epidermis is covered only by a blanket.

The one thing likely to take moviegoers' eyes off Marilyn is the other scenery—truly spectacular wide-screen vistas of mountains, gorges and a torrential river, filmed in Canada's Banff and Jasper National Parks. Director Preminger often contrives to let the audience enjoy everything there is to see by having Marilyn up

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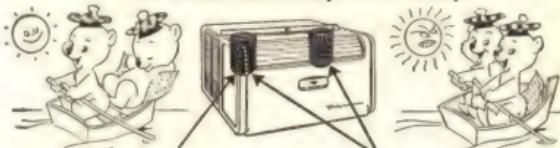
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front and center, looking winsomely at the landscape. The dialogue is sickly o'er by a philosophic glaze, and Marilyn's reading of some of her more majestic lines has inspired studio publicity men to trumpet the claim that she "unveils a deep emotional insight and a tender dramatic gift never before displayed." Probably much more to the point is Marilyn's own comment on the satisfactions of co-starring with He-Man Mitchum: "It's wonderful to play opposite a guy you can't pick up and throw across the room."

Miami Story (Columbia). "No matter how much you take off," says a hard female voice from the dark side of the room, "my gun will keep you covered." Mick Flagg (Barry Sullivan), ex-gangster, stops undressing, strolls casually toward the mysterious intruder (Beverly Garland) and lights a cigarette. Next instant, he flips the match at her eyes, leaps forward, grabs her gun, slaps her hard across the face and drags her to the light. She is beautiful. It is love at first fight.

In short, *Miami Story* is just another stereotype—with one modern improvement. Mobster Flagg, a little Caesar who has abdicated in favor of law & order, gets evidence against his old friends with the latest thing in eavesdropping. Not content with keyhole-squint and transom-peer, with tape recorder or even wiretap, Flagg triumphantly secretes in the walls of the villain's office a complete closed-channel television transmitter.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Executive Suite. Star-studded scramble for the presidency of a big corporation; with William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, Fredric March, Walter Pidgeon, Shelley Winters, etc., etc. (TIME, May 10).

Knock on Wood. Some extremely funny Kayenedzas by a brilliant clown, Danny Kaye (TIME, April 26).

Night People. Capitalist meets commissar in Berlin, and Writer-Producer-Director Nunnally Johnson bands their heads together; with Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford (TIME, March 22).

Beet of the Devil. John Huston and Truman Capote tell a completely wacky shaggy-dog story; with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley. Peter Lorre (TIME, March 8).

The Pickwick Papers. The first full-length film of Charles Dickens' monumental jape (TIME, March 1).

The Final Test. A British joke about cricket, well told; with Robert Morley (TIME, Feb. 22).

Rob Roy. Walt Disney's highland fling through an old Scots story; with Richard Todd, Glynis Johns (TIME, Feb. 8).

The Golden Coach. Jean Renoir's costume comedy of Spain's golden age, as rich in color as his father's paintings; with Anna Magnani at her best (TIME, Feb. 1).

It Should Happen to You. Judy Holliday in a sharp little Garson Kanin comedy about a girl on the make (TIME, Jan. 25).

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1. Ancestor of all American guided missiles was this Sperry "aerial torpedo" of 1917. It was a propeller-driven robot airplane, launched from tracks, and controlled by gyroscope devices. As finally developed, it could takeoff, fly a predetermined distance and dive on a target with a 1000-lb warhead. It did not see combat.

THE aircraft and missiles on these pages show how American guided missiles have developed, step-by-step, from simple drones of World War I to the electronic marvels of today. Modern U. S. missiles and military aircraft are the world's



2. Between world wars pilotless, radio-controlled assault drones were developed by the Navy to hit surface targets. Performance improved with better electronics. Even TV cameras were used to guide them into targets miles away.



3. Tail fins moved by radio signals from a bomber made primitive guided missiles out of bombs in World War II. Above, 12,000 lb. "Tarzon."



4. Navy's "Bat" saw combat in 1945 as first operational U. S. guided missile. It glided, carrying a heavy bomb. Launched in the air, its new radar equipment enabled it to "home" electronically on a moving surface target.



5. Before firing this instrument-loaded "Wac Corporal," was carried aloft on the nose of a V-2 rocket. It explored a record 250-mile altitude. Such work is basic in missile research.



6. Early ground-to-air missile was 1500-m.p.h. Boeing "GAPA." More than 100 were fired. Knowledge gained is being used to develop advanced missiles.



7. Martin "Matador," an Air Force pilotless bomber is launched with auxiliary rocket helping its jet engine. The "Matador" is the principal weapon of several U.S.A.F. guided missile squadrons. The first was formed in 1951.



8. Army's "Nike," an anti-aircraft missile now coming into service use, is shown here about to hit a pilotless target B-17 in practice operations.

best—but it takes years to design and build them. To keep them best, there must be uninterrupted development and production. Only such a sustained program can make and keep America's Air Power an effective instrument for world peace.



9. Chance Vought's "Regulus," a powerful, new Navy guided missile, can be launched and directed against surface targets from submarines (as shown in this artist's concept), or from ships or shore bases.

Can U.S. Air Power Prevent a War?

The answer lies in how consistently America pursues
a sound peacetime Air Power policy

REGULUS, NIKE, MATADOR—new names for new kinds of aerial weapons: target-seeking guided missiles. Some have already begun to serve our armed forces. More will follow as development continues. American Air Power, of which missiles are a part, has now become so important that its strength or weakness can mean the difference between winning, losing, or preventing another world war.

To succeed in preventing war, our Air Power must be strong enough to discourage aggression before it starts. This means we must develop and build military aircraft in every category, including guided missiles, that are ready for instant

retaliation—aircraft that are second to none in ~~size, speed, and strength~~ and strong enough in numbers to do the job.

Because of enormous technical problems, it has taken years to bring the guided missiles to their present stage of usefulness. And more time, plus consistent research, development and production, will be needed to improve and perfect them. With the U. S. exposed to possible atomic attack, the need for this effort is more urgent than ever.

That is why the Armed Forces—the Air Force, Navy, Marine Corps and Army—must have the support of every citizen for a realistic, continuous Air Power program. Only through such a

program can the nation meet, and even forestall, emergencies—and at the same time avoid the waste and cost of stop-and-go aircraft production programs.

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THE PRESS

The Long Wait

Few editors have ever waited so long for a promotion as *National Geographic* Associate Editor John Oliver La Gorce, 73. For the last 49 years he has been second in command on the prosperous *Geographic* under Gilbert Grosvenor, the magazine's boss since 1890. Last week Editor La Gorce finally got what he was waiting for. The *Geographic* board made La Gorce editor and president to take the place of Editor Grosvenor, 78, who resigned. Grosvenor steps up to be chairman of the board of trustees of the *Geographic*, which he has built from a tiny monthly with 900 circulation to a magazine with more than 2,000,000 subscribers.

A *Geographic* staffer since 1905, La



Winter Bonner

"GEOGRAPHIC'S" LA GORCE & GROSVENOR
A thirst for people, places and things.

Gorce is as much a part of the magazine as its trademarked, yellow-bordered cover. The walls of his cypress-paneled office in the *Geographic's* museumlike building on Washington's 16th Street are lined with trophies—an elephant's foot, a 13th century crusader's sword, a caveman's club—from his years of globe-trotting. (In port cities, La Gorce makes straight for the pawnshops, often finds valuable trinkets that sailors have pawned.) Mountains in Alaska and the Antarctic bear his name, as do an island and a golf course on Florida's Biscayne Bay.

Born in Scranton, Pa., La Gorce has been interested in geography and wildlife since childhood. In 1905 he was writing a column on geography, syndicated to 17 U.S. newspapers, when he was hired by the National Geographic Society at \$60 a month as assistant secretary. La Gorce became a recognized authority on fresh and salt-water fish, edited the magazine's famed *Book of Fishes*. With his wife, a champion high school speller who still reads every word he writes to correct spelling errors, he has visited almost every

country in the world except Russia. He plans no changes in the *Geographic*, still feels it has a job "to satisfy the human thirst for accurate information about people, places and things."

The New Magazine of Sport

After quietly circulating two trial issues to admens, topflight sport figures, and others, TIME Inc. this week officially announced a new weekly magazine "to report and illustrate the wonderful world of sport." The first issue of the 25¢ (\$7.50 a year), TIME-size weekly is planned for the second Friday in August, will come out every Friday thereafter. TIME Inc. is bringing out the first national sport-magazine weekly because of the new emphasis in American life on leisure-time activity and sports.

The magazine, still to be named, has an advertising rate based on a circulation of 450,000, and circulation will be carefully controlled over the \$50,000 mark. It will cover every sport from angling to yachting, have such regular features as "Sports-week" (a roundup of the week's sport news), "Preview" (an inside look at a major coming event), "The Sporting Look" (fashions for players and spectators), "Weekend" (how to make the most of leisure time), and articles and fiction by staff and outside writers.

Publisher of the sport magazine is H. (for Harry) H. S. Phillips Jr., who has been with TIME Inc. for 18 years and was advertising director of TIME. Managing Editor is Sidney L. James, ex-staffer of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, who also came to TIME Inc. in 1936 and was assistant managing editor of LIFE. Said Editor-in-Chief Henry R. Luce: "The new magazine will be a re-evaluation of sport—not an over-evaluation—to put it in its proper place as one of the great new modes of expression."

A Critic's Rights

How much may an editor properly change a review to be run under a critic's byline? Last week in London, this question was put to a test by Tom Hopkinson, free-lance writer, novelist and sometime editor (TIME, Sept. 15, 1952). At the request of Herbert Gunn, 50, editor of Lord Rothermere's racy tabloid *Daily Sketch* (circ. 804,541), Hopkinson reviewed *Front Page Story*, a British movie melodrama with a Fleet Street background. After sending his review to the *Sketch*, Hopkinson was called by a subeditor and asked if one word might be taken out of the review. "What word?" asked Hopkinson. "You say, 'It's not a great picture,'" answered the subeditor. "Would you mind leaving out the word 'not'?" Hopkinson summarily refused, but agreed to make other minor changes.

The *Sketch* printed the review and without consulting Hopkinson added several sentences to the effect that the film was "sure and faithful in its . . . technical and atmospheric detail." Author of the

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changes was Editor Gunn, whose wife Olive Gunn had been the technical adviser for the film. When he saw the review in print, Hopkinson promptly protested to the *Sketch*, received a letter of apology from Gunn in which he said that he had intended to run the review without Hopkinson's byline, but it was mistakenly left on. Hopkinson took his complaint to Britain's year-old but already moribund Press Council, a group of 25 newsmen and publishers who are supposed to act as "watchdogs" of the British press. Last week, for the first time, the watchdog stood up and really bit.

Ruled the Council: "[Gunn's] actions . . . have fallen below the best journalistic standards . . . The Council gives its complete support to the principle that a critic has the right to insist that where his name is to be published with an article, no



Charles H. Haworth—Picture Post
Critic HOPKINSON
One little word.

alterations [apart from normal copy editing] should be made without the sanction of the critic . . ." This time Editor Gunn manfully printed the criticism in his paper —without changing a word.

Egyptian Uproar

The biggest newspaper in the Middle East is Cairo's *Al Misri* (The Egyptian). Taken over in 1936 by Publisher Mahmoud Aboul Fath for a few thousand dollars, it was quickly converted into the official organ of the nationalistic Wafd Party; circulation rose to 100,000 and *Al Misri* became a financial success as well as a powerful political force. But Publisher Fath was more interested in business than in newspapering. In Cairo, his younger brother Hussein Aboul Fath has been running *Al Misri* and the family's chain of other newspapers and magazines, while Owner Mahmoud lived in Geneva, dabbling in other enterprises.

Last week, before three members of the government's Revolutionary Command

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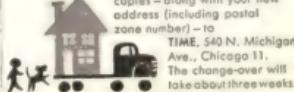
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TIME, MAY 17, 1954

Council, the Aboul Fath brothers were convicted of "aiming to destroy the government," "spreading propaganda abroad" hostile to the regime, and attempting to corrupt a government employee. Sentence: a padlock on *Al Misri*, ten years in prison for Mahmoud, tried *in absentia*, a suspended 15-year sentence for his brother, plus confiscation of more than \$1,000,000 of the Aboul Fath property.

Al Misri's trouble began when Strongmen Mohammed Naguib and Gamal Abdel Nasser started their tug of war last March (TIME, March 8). The Aboul Fahs and Nasser had long been friends, but the friendship shifted as rapidly as the Egyptian political winds changed. *Al Misri* demanded Nasser follow the Wafdist political line. When Nasser refused, the paper savagely attacked the brothers' old friend and his government. In court



PUBLISHER MAHMOUD ABOUL FATH
One big mistake.

last week the government's prosecutor accused the Aboul Fath brothers of more than national disloyalty. Hussein was charged with intimidating public officials to get the government to buy machine guns he was selling at exorbitant prices. The Revolutionary Tribunal produced a witness who charged that Mahmoud tried to get a Swiss businessman, who had been blacklisted in Egypt, back into the government's good graces in return for a half interest in his business.

Mahmoud Aboul Fath protested that the conviction was "purely political" and an attempt to muzzle the free press. In Cairo, Western newsmen were a bit skeptical of the cry of "press freedom" in view of the Aboul Fath brothers' brand of journalism, their business dealings and political intrigue. But newsmen were also uneasy about the slim evidence the Nasser government had presented to back up its claim that the offenses were criminal and had nothing to do with politics or *Al Misri's* editorial policy.

A large, stylized illustration of a horse rearing up on its hind legs, its front legs raised. The horse is dark-colored with a light-colored mane and tail. Below the horse, a small figure of a person is shown running away. To the right of the horse, there is a bottle of Haig & Haig Scotch Whisky. The bottle is dark with a light-colored cap and label. The label features the brand name "HAIG & HAIG" and "SCOTCH WHISKY". The background is dark, making the horse and the bottle stand out.

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ART

Color Blind

For the few hundred color-TV set owners in the nation, NBC last week presented the first coast-to-coast color telecast from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Star attraction of the show: Whistler's portrait of his mother, *Arrangement in Grey and Black*.

Joy of Living

In an age that tends increasingly toward gloom, horror and mathematical coldness in art, the painter who makes a critical success with warm and happy pictures is an exception. Such an artist is Vytautas Kasiulis, 36, a refugee from Lithuania, whose one-man show in Paris last week was a solid hit with critics and buyers alike.

Collectively titled *Joy of Living*, Kasiulis' 27 canvases are all nostalgic, tender scenes with an old-fashioned sentiment about them reminiscent of the designs in petit-point footstool covers. *Harmony* shows two blonde maidens sitting together on a fringed sofa, both playing the same guitar. *Prelude* is an idyllic rural scene, with meadows, trees and a clear blue pond; a graceful boy and girl are about to eat a picnic lunch. In *The Portrait*, Kasiulis mildly lampoons his own profession: he shows a grave, bearded artist painting a mirror-like portrait of a model gaily dressed in red and green. All of Kasiulis' paintings are done in a technique that uses a jet-black-underpainted background to accentuate the lightness of the colors. And all his pictures, with the exception of six gay still lifes of flowers and fruit, deal with his favorite subject matter: slightly ridiculous but lovable lower-middle-class people, treated by the artist with gentle irony.

Painter Kasiulis is as gentle and unpretentious as the characters of his paintings

—and as much a victim of hard knocks as they. Before 1943 he taught drawing at the Fine Arts School in Kaunas, the capital of his native Lithuania. Then the Nazis shipped him off as a slave laborer to an East Prussian farm. There Kasiulis milked cows and painted portraits of local German bigwigs, a service for which he was rewarded with extra food rations. After the war, helped by sympathetic Allied officers, he made his way to Paris. By night he patrolled a radio shop with a revolver; by day he visited the galleries, marveled at the works of the French impressionists.

Kasiulis had his first one-man show in 1949, promptly sold all 23 paintings in the exhibit. Last fall 50 portfolios of his lithographs quickly sold out, and in the last six months, Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art has bought three of his paintings. The pictures in last week's show were also selling well, at around \$200 each, and the critics enthusiastically hailed Kasiulis as an oasis of joy in a desert of gloom and pessimism.

Kasiulis himself thinks that it is high time both people and painters gave more attention to the joys of living. Says he: "People are worrying too much. After all, what do we really need? A room, a bed and one square meal a day. There is still plenty of sunshine around."

The First Fauves

Both children's art and the work of primitive peoples have long since won their artistic due. Now, says Art Historian Clay Lancaster, writing in the current issue of the *College Art Journal*, an even more primitive art may be headed for popularity: that of the birds and the beasts.

Animals have been artists for millions of years, says Lancaster, although "their



Pierre Boulat

KASIULIS & "THE PORTRAIT"
A room, a bed and one square meal.

theories remain sealed in [their] little minds." The spider, for example, "is a marvelous craftsman . . . The common orb web is a triumph of symmetry and artistry." Then there is the ant, a master organizer, engineer and architect, and the termite, whose elaborate constructions make use of "scientific exposures to light and air, air ducts and air-conditioning, concrete walls, roofs and gutters for shedding rain . . ."

If most forms of animal life are architects rather than painters and sculptors, there are some creatures that indulge in purely decorative art: the bower birds of Australia. In addition to nests these happy birds build bowers of twigs and sticks, some exquisitely decorated with fern fronds, mosses and berries; the bower's sole purpose is for recreation and the entertainment of friends. The satin bower bird even paves his forecourt with shining bits of mica. But his crowning achievement is painting murals in the bower: "He collects charcoal from native heaths and, holding a strip of frayed bark in his beak for a brush, mixes the charcoal with saliva, which is forced through the sides of his bill to be spread with the piece of bark. He thus applies gesso or paint to the sides walls of his bower."

Lancaster predicts that animal art may some day be admitted, alongside that of children and primitives, to "the sanctified galleries of art museums." Says he: "When we consider that animal art has remained constant for so many, many centuries, perhaps we should give the animals their full due and recognize them as the perennial modernists. Our present-day art is akin to theirs in essence . . ."



American Museum of Natural History

AUSTRALIAN BOWER BIRDS
Air-conditioning, concrete walls and murals in the rumpus room.



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL was among Constable's favorite subjects. This view was done c. 1820.

BRUSH v. CAMERA

THE landscape painter," John Constable once wrote, "must walk in the fields with an humble mind. No arrogant man was ever permitted to see nature in all her beauty." In Britain's Constable (1776-1837), humility was the seed of greatness. His least pretentious landscapes are among the finest ever painted.

Superficially, Constable's kind of art seems no more than a clear glass held up to the spacious beauties of nature. But a comparison of Constable's *Salisbury Cathedral* (*above*) with a photograph of the same scene (*right*) is the best proof that the joyful reverence of his paintings can never be built into any man-made machine.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH of cathedral shows how camera's mechanical eye records same scene today.

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RELIGION

Under God

I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Composed by members of the staff of the *Youth's Companion*,^{*} and first printed in the issue of Sept. 8, 1892, this pledge rapidly became a fixture of U.S. school life, as standard as Palmer penmanship and chewed erasers. In 1923, out of concern for the possible confusion of the foreign-born, the words "the Flag of the United States" were substituted for "my Flag." The following year the pledge was made even more explicit: "of America" was added after "Flag of the United States."

Last week, a judiciary subcommittee of the House of Representatives unanimously voted to recommend that the words "under God" be inserted after the words "one nation," and Congress will probably make the new wording law during the present session. The old list of 1892 was no longer, but the boys and girls who repeat the pledge each morning will be reminded—says the revision's sponsor, Michigan Democrat Louis C. Rabaut—that "democratic . . . institutions presuppose a Supreme Being."

Letter from Greece

The robed and bearded priests of the Greek Orthodox Church exercise unquestioned moral authority from Edessa to Marathon. But Orthodox majorities attract Protestant minorities, and the Greeks are no exception.

Protestants who call themselves Evangelicals have been working and worshipping in Greece since the latter part of the 19th century. But in recent years there have been signs that the bishops of orthodoxy would like to put a lid on their Evangelical brethren. So when a permit to build a new church in Neos Mylontopos, near Thessalonica, was flatly denied: the government has requisitioned some property of an Evangelical church, and Evangelical Leader George Hadjiantoniou was arrested for "proselytizing" by distributing selections from the Scriptures.

Early this year it was announced that the Evangelicals would not be represented at the Evanston Assembly of the World Council of Churches in August (as they had been at the Amsterdam Assembly in 1948). In a letter to the *Christian Century*, Evangelical Moderator Hadjiantoniou last week explained why. "We are facing just now a real state of persecution on the part of the Greek Orthodox Church," wrote Hadjiantoniou. "What makes the situation still more sad and perplexing is that the initiative in this has been taken, in part at least, by people

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closely connected with the ecumenical movement, such as the bishop of Thessalonica, [the Rt. Rev.] Panteleimon . . . who will be the leading member of the Greek Orthodox delegation to Evanston . . . We do not believe that any ecumenical movement can prosper which betrays the sacred right of religious freedom. So long, therefore, as one member of the World Council of Churches persecutes



William Sumis—LIFE
METROPOLITAN PANTELEIMON
Majorities attract minorities.

bitterly another member, we don't feel we have any place in its conferences."

Wrote the *Christian Century*: "The World Council had better find out whether [the charges] are true or false, and take appropriate action . . . if it hopes to have the slightest moral authority when speaking on denials of religious liberty in Colombia, in India, or anywhere else."

Getting into Arguments

"A Catholic may go about in nearly every part of this country without encountering so much as a lifted eyebrow, even if perchance he is a priest and wear a Roman collar. But if he wants an argument, one is to be had anywhere . . . and he will then learn that the church to which he belongs is an object of fear, suspicion, resentment, and more or less abrasive jocosity."

So writes President George N. Shuster of Manhattan's Hunter College in his foreword to *Catholicism in America* (Harcourt, Brace; \$3.75). The new book, originally a series in the Roman Catholic weekly, *The Commonwealth*, has 17 authors, all but two of them Catholic. They cover the substance of many of the arguments a U.S. Catholic is likely to get into, and they do it with frankness and not a little abrasive jocosity of their own.

The *Simple Solution*. "Part of the emotional underpinning of Catholic isolationism," complains *Commonweal*'s managing editor, James O'Gara, "undoubtedly



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comes from the long-standing love affair between the American Catholic press and the simple solution. Until comparatively recent times, few statements could flout reality too baldly . . . for solemn editorial approval, if only they sounded sufficiently moral. Any increase in the crime rate, for example, was obviously the result of the decline of religion; any attempt to discuss other . . . factors was considered unnecessary . . .

"Nowhere does the predisposition to the simplistic show up more strikingly than on the question of Communism. For many American Catholics . . . if the Communists are for something, [they] are automatically against it. Despite the social teachings of the church, and the labor of many devoted Catholics, clerical and lay, there is not much doubt that in many Catholic groups opposition to labor unions, public housing, slum clearance . . . interracial justice and the like is due to this absurd use of Communism as a negative determinant of what Catholics favor."

Science. U.S. Catholicism, which has lagged woefully in its contribution to science, is catching up in this field, according to Notre Dame Scientist Julian Pleasants, but not fast enough. "Twenty years ago," he writes, "Catholic effort in scientific research was perhaps one-thirtieth of that done by an equal number of non-Catholics. Right now, Catholic effort is probably one-tenth of what would be expected from a comparable group of non-Catholics, despite the fact that a few Catholic centers are developing their resources very rapidly."

Totalitarian Democracy? The vexed question of church and state is vexed some more by several of the authors in this symposium, but *Commonweal's* Editor John Cogley suggests that much of the political criticism of Catholicism in the U.S. is really theological at heart.

"In a country where approximately one out of every three marriages ends in the divorce courts, there is bound to be strong resentment against the church that solemnly brands subsequent matings as adulterous. A church that proclaims from the rooftops that contraception is always against the law of God will naturally arouse the fierce antagonism of those who practice contraception and deem themselves virtuous when they do. As American culture becomes more secularized and further cut off from its Christian roots, we can expect this kind of antagonism to increase . . . framed in political rather than in theological terms, if only because theology has become largely meaningless . . .

"In days gone by, Catholic doctrine was condemned as being un-Biblical or superstitious; the judgment was theological. Today, it is more often branded as 'undemocratic' or 'un-American.' This, it seems to me, is a telltale sign of the growing totalitarianism of 'democracy.' American democracy is traditionally a tolerant political way of life. Many would now like to make it a set of secularist dogmas by which all things, even the moral

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order and religious beliefs, are measured. The professional birth-controllers, the divorce apologists (perhaps, soon, the euthanasiasts) and the aggressive secularists generally more and more have taken to wrapping their beliefs in the Stars and Stripes. They are increasingly ready to put all who disagree with them outside the 'democratic' pale."

Compromise with Mediocrity. One of the two non-Catholic writers included in the symposium is Jewish Author Will Herberg, who finds U.S. Catholicism today "at its highest point of prestige and spiritual power." But Herberg regrets "tendency in Catholicism to smile indulgently upon men and pat them on the back, as it were. Catholicism thus comes forward as the friend of man, whereas Protestantism, with its unrelenting emphasis on judgment, sometimes appears as his enemy." Catholics' "spiritual geniality," writes Herberg, often combines with secularity to betray "Catholics into too easy an acquiescence in the banalities, timidities and mediocrities of everyday life—provided they do not violate the conventional decencies . . .

"Why is American Catholicism so uncreative, when compared with European? Why does it show so little appreciation of the great cultural treasures of its own tradition? There are many reasons, but I suggest that one of the most important is a deplorable readiness among many American Catholics of culture and intelligence to compromise with stupidity, stodginess and mediocrity, so long as these keep within the bounds of 'morality.'"

Unity Plea. Protestant Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr ends a discussion of Protestant-Catholic differences on the subject of natural law with a moving plea that Christians remember that they have more to unite them than separate them.

"We owe it to our common Lord to heal the breach between us and to eliminate the scandal of our enmities, which threaten the common decencies and the good order of our country. We would be well advised to remember that the secularism which we pretend to abhor has at least one resource necessary for the health of a democratic community. It knows how to make pragmatic compromises in order to achieve harmony between seemingly incompatible positions, and Christian charity would accomplish the same end if Christians were humble enough to achieve the necessary charity."

Words & Works

India's Deputy Home Affairs Minister Balwant Nagesh Datar announced that during the past two years 789 U.S. missionaries had been approved for entry to India and 109 had been turned down on the ground that their services "were not required."

Father Johannes Schwertfimer, Roman Catholic pastor in the Bavarian town of Ober-Traisendorf was in trouble with the law. Again and again, he had vainly asked the authorities for permission to enlarge his church, built in 1420 and far too small for his present congregation. Turned down

because of the church's historical value, Father Schwertfeger, 63, carefully removed the church's holy objects, then set off the explosives he had planted and blew up the building. His sentence: two months in jail.

¶ Dr. George Arthur Buttrick, pastor of Manhattan's Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, hung some crape for the students of Millsaps College in Jackson, Miss.: "We have explored the planet to learn its secrets, and . . . our ills have multiplied so greatly that our mental hospitals cannot contain them," he gloomed. "It is poetic justice that a generation which has been seeking its own life now has to talk about itself in a psychiatrist's office."

¶ The Episcopal diocese of Washington, D.C. unanimously adopted a petition to remove the 1955 General Convention of the Episcopal Church from Houston, where it is currently scheduled. Reason: Houston practices racial segregation. In case the plea fails, the resolution pledged the Washington delegates to "share, so far as is humanly possible, any discriminatory disadvantages borne by Negro delegates."



MILESTONES

Born. To Enid Margaret ("Peggy") Cripps Appiah, 33, youngest daughter of the late Sir Stafford Cripps, Britain's austerity Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Joseph Manuel Appiah, 33. Ashanti law student and personal representative in Britain of the Africa Gold Coast's Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah: their first child, a son; in London. Weight: 8 lbs. 8 oz. Name: Kwame.

Married. Diana Disney, 20, junior at the University of Southern California, elder daughter of Hollywood Producer Walt (*Living Desert*) Disney; and Ronald William Miller, 21, onetime U.S.C. varsity left end, now employed by his father-in-law; in a quiet church ceremony; in Santa Barbara, Calif.

Died. Crown Princess Cecilie of Prussia, 67, widow of the late Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm and daughter-in-law of Germany's last emperor, the late Kaiser Wilhelm II; after long illness; in Bad Kissingen, Germany.

Died. Bertie Charles ("B.C.") Forbes, 73, Scottish-born onetime Hearst financial editor and columnist who started his own semi-monthly business magazine, *Forbes* (circ. 128,623), in 1917; of a heart attack; at his desk in his Manhattan office. A prolific chronicler of tycoons' careers—e.g., Andrew Carnegie, James B. Duke, John D. Rockefeller—B.C. strove to "humanize" Big Business, larded his *Forbes* columns with hearty aphorisms. Examples: "Rest? Yes. Rust? No! . . . The self-starter never allows his steam to run down . . . Everything may not be for the best, but let's make the best of everything."



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

On the Rise

For the first time in six months, U.S. employment is on the rise. The Commerce and Labor Departments in a joint report (to eliminate previous conflicting reports) announced that the number of jobless dropped from 3,725,000 in early March to 3,465,000 in early April. The upturn so far was no more than seasonal, and manufacturing employment continued to decline. But it was more than offset by more outdoor jobs.

Much of the gain came from the growing boom in construction. It swelled to \$2.8 billion in April, an alltime record for the month. For the first four months of the year, new building totaled \$10.1 billion, up about 1.5% from last year's record-breaking levels. Highway construction shot up 25% from a year ago to \$250 million in April. Private housing stepped up last year's fast pace in the first four months to better than a million-unit-a-year clip. The trade magazine *Engineering News-Record* reported that last week was the second highest on record for new housing starts.

Danger Signals. Businessmen in a score of fields reported that the slide has stopped. U.S. Steel's Ben Fairless announced to his stockholders that "an upturn in demand is beginning to appear." In the copper industry, which has recently been trimming production, Kennecott

Copper President Charles R. Cox also reported a turnaround; his company will increase the work week from five to six days at four western mines. And a special committee of the Government's Business Advisory Council reported that the business decline has leveled out.

But the council warned that there were still danger signals here and there in the economy. Personal income in March, reported the Commerce Department, was still slightly below February and a year ago. While March new-car registrations were down only 1% from a year ago, total car production for the first four months was off 9%, at 1,959,688 (but still the third highest on record). Business inventories of \$81.1 billion on March 31 were still high—\$1.6 billion higher than a year ago—although they were \$1.2 billion below last October's peak.

Smoke Signals. But the stock market paid little heed to pessimists, kept right on climbing as more good earnings came out. Even the tobacco industry, whose sales had been slumping at year's end, reported higher sales and sharply higher earnings in the first quarter. F. Lorillard Co. sales rose from \$51.9 million a year ago to \$56.4 million, and net was up from \$1,276,026 to \$1,955,748. R. J. Reynolds increased net income from 60¢ a share a year ago to 90¢. Showing its confidence in business in the months ahead, Chrysler Corp.'s board voted the usual \$1.50 dividend despite nearly a 43% sales drop and earnings of only 88¢ a share in the first quarter.

At week's end, the Dow-Jones industrial average hit a new 243-year high of 321.30, up 1.97 for the week. The railroad averages, which have lagged behind, also sputtered. They broke through last July's peak to reach 108.52, up 4.21 points.

CORPORATIONS

The New Giant

John M. Olin, boss of Olin Industries (Winchester rifles, Cellophane, chemicals), likes to hunt and fish. He has shot bear in Alaska, quail in Georgia, ducks in Louisiana, and he keeps a fishing lodge in the Bahamas. Thomas S. Nichols, fast-moving president of Mathieson Chemical Corp. (chemicals, petrochemicals, drugs), also likes the sporting life. Furthermore, the sportsmen's companies had much in common: one made products the other needed. On hunting and fishing trips together, Olin and Nichols wondered if the two companies could not profitably combine efforts.

Last June they set up, under joint ownership, the Matholinc Corp., to produce Hydrazine, the "wonder" chemical used for rocket fuel, explosives, plastics, insecticides, etc. (TIME, July 20). The partnership worked so well that John Olin and Tommy Nichols decided to take another big step.

This week the directors of Olin Indus-



Don Weir—Fortune

SPORTSMAN OLIN

After bird hunting, a dovetail.

tries and Mathieson Chemical voted to merge into Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp., subject to stockholders' approval. This would make it the fifth biggest U.S. chemical company.⁹ The new giant has \$500 million in assets, 36,000 employees, 43 plants in the U.S. and 16 in foreign countries, and is selling \$500 million worth of products a year. (Olin Oil & Gas Co., separate company controlled by the Olin family, is not involved in the merger.)

Since the stocks of both companies are selling for almost the same price, stockholders will trade share-for-share for stock in the new company. John Olin, 61, was elected board chairman and chief executive officer of Olin Mathieson, and Nichols, 45, was named president.

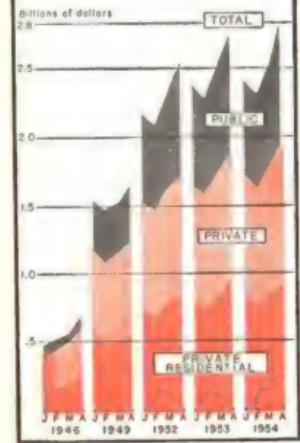
Said John Olin: "It's a natural combination. Mathieson makes ammonia; Olin uses ammonia. Mathieson makes caustic soda; Olin uses caustic soda. Mathieson built up from basic chemicals into consumer products; Olin went from consumer products down into the chemical field . . . The two companies dovetail."

Each company has had a phenomenal growth since the end of World War II. Olin branched out from shotgun shells, dynamite and rifles into batteries, Cellophane, fabricating metals, lumber, brass creosoting, cigarette paper, polyethylene food bags and compressed-air coal-breaking equipment. When Nichols took it over in 1948 Mathieson was making caustic soda, liquid chlorine, nitrogen and soda ash. Nichols expanded into fertilizer,

* First four: Du Pont, Union Carbide & Carbon, Dow Chemical, Allied Chemical & Dye.

BUILDING BUILDUP

January-April Comparisons



TIME CLOCK

sulphuric acid, petrochemicals, insecticides and—by buying out E. R. Squibb & Sons—into drugs and pharmaceuticals. Says John Olin confidently: "We will continue to grow."

GOVERNMENT

Wild Oats

Minneapolis' Cargill, Inc., the biggest U.S. grain company, has been in plenty of trouble for its shenanigans on the commodity exchanges. In 1938 it was cited by the Commodity Exchange Authority for cornering the market in corn futures; three of its officers and a subsidiary company were expelled from the Chicago Board of Trade. In December 1952 the company was indicted for converting to its own and its customers' use 80,000 bushels of corn stored for the Commodity Credit Corp. (The case is still to be tried.) Last week Cargill was in trouble again with CEA. As a result, the company agreed to a consent decree that bars it from trading in oats futures for the rest of the year.

CEA charged that Cargill drove down the price of oats to its profit in 1951 and 1952, thus interfered with the Government's price-support program.

What Cargill did was to go "short" on oats futures, i.e., sell oats for future delivery in the expectation that prices would drop. At one time, said CEA, Cargill was short as much as \$15.5 million bushels (24% of the 1951 crop), though regulations permit maximum contracts of only 3,000,000 bushels. At the same time, Cargill Grain Co., Ltd., a wholly owned Canadian subsidiary, was buying oats futures on the Winnipeg Grain Exchange and contracting to sell the oats to the parent company in the U.S. Cargill, charged CEA, falsified its books by listing these contracts as cash purchases in order to balance them off against the excessive short sales. The heavy short sales depressed the futures price of oats. When the time came for Cargill to deliver, CEA charged, the Canadian company shipped in grain, further driving down the U.S. price. With the imports and the oats bought at lowered prices, Cargill "covered" its short position, i.e., delivered the grain it had contracted to sell earlier.

SHIPPING

New Courses

Foreign shipyards are booming. From Hamburg to Yokohama, shipbuilders are trying to keep up with orders totaling more than 6,000,000 gross tons (Time, Aug. 3). But shipbuilding in the U.S. has been dropping steadily. In 1953, only 23,000 workers were busy building 40 new bottoms. If new orders do not come in, only three merchant ships will be delivered by U.S. yards in 1955 and employment will drop to 1,200. The U.S. merchant marine has been wallowing so badly that

OLDSMOBILE, which wound up 1933 in seventh place in the auto industry, has been rocketing ahead with its 1934 models, will probably nudge Plymouth out of fourth. Though Plymouth still leads in the four-month totals (138,996 v. 136,748), Olds outproduced it by 6,417 units in April, will probably be right behind Buick again in May, thus giving G.M. three of the four top makes.

PROXY RETURNS to Wall Street brokers to date hint at a majority vote for Robert R. Young in his battle to win control of the New York Central. The brokers, who hold an estimated 40% (more than 2,578,000 shares) of all Central stock for individual owners, report that the proxies counted so far are running well over 50% in favor of Young and against the Central management.

THE SALES of black & white sets, despite all the worry about color, are at last year's level. First-quarter totals: 1,780,795 sets sold, barely 100 sets lower than the number sold in the first three months of 1953.

NO-RAIDING PACT between the C.I.O. and A.F.L. is on the rocks. Dave Beck's big A.F.L. Teamsters Union refused to sign such an agreement, and now the C.I.O. Steelworkers Union, second biggest in the C.I.O. (1,200,000 members), has also refused to sign, thus virtually wrecking its chances.

COACH SHORTAGE on U.S. railroads is beginning to worry the Office of Defense Mobilization. The number of cars in service on major roads has dropped from 29,000 in 1944 to 22,300 this year. ODM has set a goal of 1,250 new passenger cars for 1955, will work out fast tax write-offs to help finance them.

HIgh-grade mica, too costly to mine in the U.S., will soon be made synthetically for the electronics industry. Mycalex Corp. of Clifton, N.J. has found an inexpensive way to make mica of magnesium, aluminum, silicon and fluorine, is

the Administration suspended all federal aid to shipbuilding last year and set the Commerce Department to charting a new course through the doldrums.

Last week Robert B. Murray Jr., Under Secretary of Commerce for Transportation, made his report to the Senate Water Transportation Subcommittee. Used to the windy rhetoric and special pleading of most such documents, Senators and shippers were loud in their praise of Murray's objective review. They seemed doubly pleased that he disagreed with Randall Committee recommendations and strongly supported the present cargo-preference law, which requires that at least 50% of U.S.-financed foreign-aid shipments be carried in U.S. ships.

Present Government subsidies, said Murray, make up the "construction dif-

ready to swing into large-scale production after successfully operating a pilot plant. Eventually, the process may make the U.S. less dependent on foreign supplies of high-grade mica, 95% of which (about 20 million lbs. annually) is imported from India.

PACKARD AND STUDEBAKER are talking about a merger to compete better against the Big Three.

EASTERN AIR LINES, whose costs have been rising faster than its increase in passengers, will shoot for higher volume through more low-fare air-coach service. Starting next week, Eastern will increase coach planes from 22% to 30% of its total flights, expects to boost the percentage to 60%-65% by the end of 1955.

CUBA, which has no coal and imports some 50,000 bbls. of oil daily (90% of consumption), may soon have its first sizable producing oilfield. A group of U.S. oilmen and Cuban promoters have brought in the country's biggest find, with a well pumping 250 bbls. of good-quality oil in the Jatibonico Basin, about 215 miles southeast of Havana.

TH E GOVERNMENT DRIVE for economy is reaching into the dustiest nooks and crannies. Latest target is the daily Treasury balance statement, which since 1916 has been issued with a two-day lag, but will now be three days late, thus allowing the Treasury Department to lay off three employees in its Bureau of Accounts. Savings: \$10,000 a year.

A NEW NATIONAL AIR policy has been drafted by top industry officials and sent along to the White House for consideration. Major proposal: an orderly end to airline subsidies and a gradual merger of routes so that strong unsubsidized lines can each carry their share of money-losing routes that must be continued in the public interest. Big scheduled airlines will probably back the report, but smaller lines may fight it on the ground that they would be swallowed up under the plan.

ferential," i.e., the difference between the cost of shipbuilding at home and abroad. But even with this aid, few shippers can afford the required down payment of 25% on new vessels. Foreign competition has grown so large that the U.S. fleet in operation represents only 10% of the world's merchant ships. Operating costs are also high. An American freighter with a 51-man crew has a monthly payroll of \$20,800, v. \$4,000 for a *Rei-ji* crew.

Merchant ships become obsolete after 20 years. Murray reminded the Senators. Since most of the U.S. fleet was built during World War II, keels must be laid at the rate of 60 a year to prevent the merchant fleet from losing 81% of its
strength by 1970.

If the U.S. merchant marine is to support a building program of 60 ships

DISCOUNT HOUSES

They Are Teaching a Lesson in Retailing

FOR many U.S. retailers, the greatest worry is not a recession. It is a fear of the discount houses at which shoppers can buy electrical appliances and hundreds of other articles at 20% to 40% off the list price. Since World War II, discount houses have cropped up in almost every large U.S. city; there are now some 6,000 stores, which operate from Maine to the Mexican border. This year, total discount-house sales in the nation will be about \$5 billion. Many small retailers worry that the booming discount houses will do to them what cash & carry supermarkets did to the old corner grocery.

The discount house is not a new idea. "Wholesale" houses of one kind or another have existed for years. What is new, and frightening to retailers, is the small markup on which the discounters operate. Since they usually spend no money on displays, give no credit or free delivery, and rarely advertise their wares, their overhead is small and the saving is passed on to the consumer. "In addition to the trade discount, we get an extra 15% discount by paying cash for everything we buy," says Los Angeles' William E. Phillips, whose discount house grossed \$6,000,000 last year. "Lots of times, our margin of profit is not much wider than that." Discount houses can turn penny profits into dollars by their huge volume of business and the fact that they can cash in on brand names. The manufacturer bears all the cost of advertising and promotion.

The rise of the discount house is in almost direct ratio to the passage of the Fair Trade laws in the '30s, which were designed to stop "discounts" and drastic price-cutting. The Fair Trade prices were so high that they left a fat margin for the discounter to cut. The laws can be enforced against big, well-known stores (e.g., New York's R. H. Macy & Co., Bloomingdale Bros., Abraham & Straus), but few manufacturers have the time or energy to slap a lawsuit on every small discounter. Some big companies such as Sunbeam, Magnavox and General Electric are trying to police their dealers rigidly. But many companies are none too anxious to lower the boom on discount stores that move large quantities of goods, since the manufacturer still gets his full markup. In fact, even businessmen who publicly condemn discount houses often deal with them privately. One big Chicago corporation recently bought all its employees Christmas presents from a discount house, picked up 700 radios at \$9.45 each, v. \$19.75 list price.

Over and above the Fair Trade laws, another big reason for the growth of the discount houses is the attitude of the established retailers themselves. Too many businessmen have not made the adjustment from a wartime sellers' market with its shortages and high prices to the buyers' market of 1954. Instead of shaving profit margins to give consumers the benefits of the enormous postwar volume of sales, they have kept their prices high.

There are plenty of complaints about the way discount houses operate. Shoppers are often taken in by slick, fly-by-night operators who fake big discounts by quoting fictitious list prices, substitute off-brands, factory seconds or defective models for first-line appliances. Consumers also complain that many discount houses are usually littered and the clerks gruff. On top of the lack of credit and free delivery, few have service and repair departments. A few big discount houses such as Chicago's Polk Bros. and Manhattan's Masters, Inc. now give credit and deliver, have put in displays. But such steps toward better service leave the way clear for stripped-down discount houses to undercut their prices.

Most old-line retailers accept the fact that, good or bad, discount houses are here to stay, and they have worked out some methods to fight them. It is no longer easy for a consumer to "shop" the displays in a department store just to get information about a vacuum cleaner, including the code number, so it can be ordered through a discount house. In other ways, the older stores are learning to compete. Chicago's Carson Pirie Scott and Newark's L. Barnson Berger hold "warehouse sales" (TIME, March 1) to sell at big discounts to customers who pay cash and carry off their own purchases. In areas where there are no Fair Trade laws, stores such as Washington's Hecht Co. keep their normal services but cut the price of appliances by as much as 40%.

For all their faults, the discount houses have touched off a change in retailing that cannot help but lower prices to U.S. consumers. To stay in business, many retailers must find a way to cut down the heavy distribution cost (about half the regular retail price) of getting a product from the manufacturer to the consumer. Discount houses may not be the best way to cut such costs, but at least they have awakened retailers to the hard fact that, in one way or another, they must be cut.

year, said Murray, it needs every penny of present subsidies, and more besides. Among his long-range recommendations:

¶ Investment of private capital should be fostered. Under the present system, the Government pays the cost of shipbuilding, sells the finished vessel to the operator at a 40% to 45% discount (the construction differential). Murray wants shipowners to use private cash to build new ships, have the Government contribute only the construction differential. The Government would guarantee up to 100% of the shipbuilding loans.

¶ Shipowners who do not receive subsidies should get the same break as subsidized operators and have their taxes deferred on any profits that are laid away to provide for future construction.

¶ Depreciation allowances on aging ships should be boosted, permitting owners to write off the cost faster and encouraging them to order new ships.

¶ Government trade-in allowances on old ships should be standardized to promote a trade-in-and-build program.

Shipbuilders, who well remember the long court battles over subsidies for ships such as the *United States* (TIME, June 30, 1952), are impressed with the fact that there are already ten bills in Congress to implement Murray's plan. Since the plan also has Defense Department backing, some of the bills, at least, should get congressional approval this year.

BUSINESS ABROAD Good Works & Profits

High in the Austrian Alps, melting snow cascades in a great torrent down the sides of the Reifeck and Kreuzeck Mountains. Why not, thought the Austrian government, harness this energy for power? Austria could use it in its reconstruction, and the surplus could be sold to northern Italy's heavy industries. There was just one problem: Where would Austria get the money to build a hydroelectric plant? Last week Austrian Ambassador to the U.S. Karl Gruber went to the place that could help supply the funds. He marched into the office of Eugene R. Black, president of the World Bank, and asked for \$12 million to help finance the \$35 million hydroelectric power plant. The chances for the loan, Black told him, looked excellent. So were the chances for more loans to help pay for other dams to furnish power to Germany and France.

It was a notable milestone for both Austria and the bank. For Austria, it would be its first World Bank loan; for the bank, it would be its first project calling for international cooperation—and just the kind Black hopes will encourage other countries to try. Black is a hard-headed banker who has little patience with the do-gooding type of foreign aid. Says he: "National policy based on real or assumed moral obligation to advance the welfare of others . . . is not likely long to endure; over any considerable period, national policy must be based . . . on national self-interest."

With one eye on boosting national self-



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interest and another on making sound loans. Black's bank has handed out:

¶ To India, \$7,500,000, to finance the world's biggest fleet of heavy tractors. By plowing under the tough *kans* grass that has overrun millions of acres, the tractors will bring land back into cultivation. Within two years, India expects to have 1,500,000 more acres of farmland, enough to produce \$35 million a year in wheat.

¶ To Mexico, \$80 million, much of it to raise electric power output by next year



James Bell

BANKER BLACK & SHEIKH SULMAN
A little capital begets more capital.

to twice what it was in 1945, thus paving the way for hundreds of new industries. In one town of 5,000, the number of industrial users of electricity rose from two to 33 in three years.

¶ To Finland, \$36 million, to build up agriculture and industry. Finland will soon be back to borrow more—this time 40 million German marks.

To date, the only ones who oppose the World Bank, notably in such countries as Finland, are the Communists.

Just Like the South. To banker Black, a man of vision without being a visionary, the job the World Bank must do in backward areas is not much different from the transformation he has seen in his native South. Says he: "The Civil War knocked us flat on our backs and left us there . . . Slowly and painfully, we picked ourselves up. We began to be able to save and invest . . . A little capital begot more capital; a little expansion begot more expansion . . . The South's story tells how development works."

Born in Atlanta, where his father was a governor on the Federal Reserve Board, Black graduated Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Georgia at 19, served in the Navy during World War I, then went into the banking business. He was a senior vice president of the Chase National Bank in New York City when he was named World Bank president five years ago.

Development of the World Bank has been slow and painful. When Black first came there as a protégé of John J. McCloy, then its president, almost everyone had already written it off. Born of the Bretton Woods Conference in 1944, the bank (officially, the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development) had as its main purpose the rebuilding of war-torn countries. It poured some \$500 million into Europe, almost exhausting its funds, before it found that its efforts were puny alongside the needs. When the Marshall Plan took over this job, the bank set with a vigor to its more satisfying role of helping nations help themselves.

Record Profits. The World Bank has already made almost \$1.0 billion in loans, and not one has been defaulted. From a deficit of almost \$1,000,000 in its first year, the bank has since shown a steadily climbing profit, which reached a record \$18,485,411 in the year ending last June 30, promises to go still higher in fiscal 1954. The bank's capital (more than \$2 billion, 35% of it from the U.S.) came from subscriptions of the 56 member nations, but more recently it has raised more than \$500 million by selling bonds. Untrusted at the start, these bonds now rate with those of A.T. & T.

The bank steers clear of such projects as building sewers or putting up homes, hospitals and schools. If the bank thinks that a proposed project does not fit a country's development plans, or if it is aimed at producing export goods that nobody will buy, the bank may suggest changes or refuse the loan. In pursuit of his job, Black spends much of his time traveling, talking to government officials such as Sheik Sir Sulman of Bahrein.

Strange Success Formula. Not all the World Bank's investments need be revenue-producing. Ecuador, for instance, got \$8,500,000 this year to pave eight main highways, now usable only in the dry season, which will bring new farmlands into production. Australia recently received \$54 million, mostly for new four-engine planes, trucks, and equipment to make diesel locomotives. The bank lent \$20 million to a Chilean company for a pulp mill and newsprint plant, so that Chile can depend less on copper and nitrates for its exports.

With U.S. foreign aid tapering off, the bank sees its mission as more important than ever. But Black has no idea of competing with private investors for this business. He believes the bank should stay in the picture only until private capital is ready to take over, then step out. Says Black: "To be completely successful, the bank would have to go out of business."

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Yachting Audar. A compact communications and navigation aid for small ships has been developed by Manhattan's Radio Industries Corp. Working on the same principles as echo-ranging radar, but sending out high-pitched "beeps" of sound instead of pulses of electrical energy,



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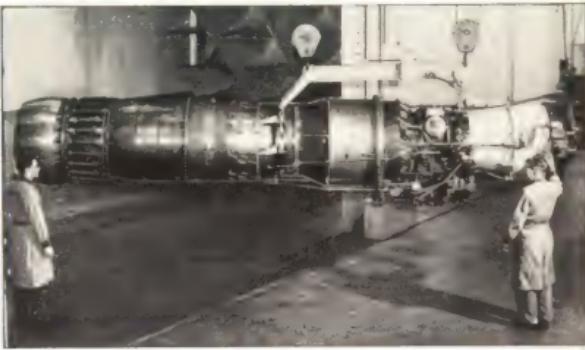
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PRATT & WHITNEY'S J-57 JET WITH AFTERBURNER
For bows and deltas, an added boost.

AVIATION

Extra Kick

The public got its first glimpse last week of Pratt & Whitney's J-57 jet engine equipped with an afterburner, the engine that pushed the F-100 Super Sabre (TIME, Oct. 26) to an official supersonic speed record (755 m.p.h.) for military planes. The husky 20-ft. package of power is also being installed in Douglas' bat-winged fighter, the F4D Skyray. Convair's delta-winged F-102, Boeing's B-52 bomber, to give them an extra kick.

AGRICULTURE

Butter Up

Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson likes to say that if every American farmer would only drink one extra glass of milk each day, the U.S. dairy surplus would soon vanish. Last week, with surpluses still climbing, Secretary Benson tried to get the U.S. Government itself interested in his milk-drinking campaign. Into the hallways of Washington's Agriculture Building went four vending machines, each dispensing half a pint of milk for 10¢. Then, saying that he hoped the machines would soon be installed in all Government offices, Secretary Benson marched over to tell Congress the hard facts of the U.S. dairy surplus.

Before the House Committee on Agriculture, Benson ticked off a long list of troubles. Since dairy supports were reduced from 90% to 75% of parity on April 1, said Benson, he has studied a dozen ways of reducing the huge surplus. So far, nothing has looked practical. The Government's butter stocks are at 360 million lbs., much of which must soon be moved out of the coolers to avoid spoilage.

Strawberry Flavor. Though the cut in dairy supports has increased U.S. butter consumption by 10%, it has not boosted consumption to the hoped-for level. The dairy industry will soon come out with a new strawberry-flavored milk, and there are dozens of relatively small-scale giveaway programs for schools, foreign and

domestic relief. But neither strawberries nor gifts can make much of a dent in the growing surplus. As for any large-scale Government disposal program, said Benson, "we were restrained by the complexities."

Benson reported that a "coupon plan" to give away a pound of Government butter to U.S. housewives for each one they bought was rejected for its "administrative awkwardness." A "blended price plan" to sell butter to distributors at very low prices might have helped but at best it would merely slow the piling up of surpluses and cost the U.S. \$100 million just to administer. Likeliest of all, said Benson, was a "plant payment plan" that would operate much like a version of the old Brannan plan. Under the plant payment plan, the Government would allow the market price of butter to drop to its natural level, then pay butter manufacturers the difference between market and support level prices. Even the best of the plans, said Benson, would cost the Government from 50¢ to 75¢ per lb. to get rid of the butter.

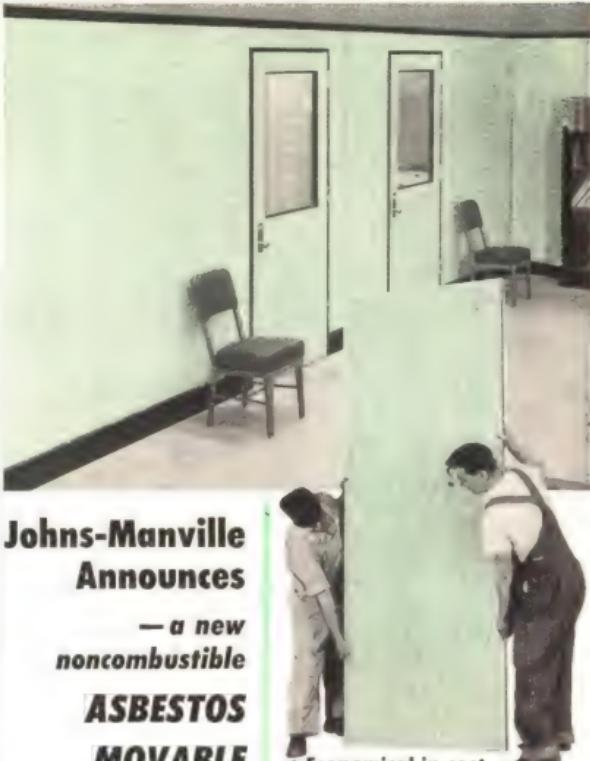
Deal with Britain. The Commodity Credit Corp., said Benson, is negotiating with Britain to sell butter at the world market price of 47¢ a lb. (v. 63¢ to 75¢ in the U.S.). If the deal goes through, it may lower the surplus by 80 million lbs. But outside of Iron Curtain nations, which have a serious butter shortage, there are few other countries to which the U.S. can sell butter without hurting local suppliers and other butter-exporting nations.

Benson feels that any butter plan might prove so expensive—and so impractical—that he does not intend to try a new one without a congressional O.K. Said Benson: "We are concerned about the 360 million lbs. which we now own. We are even more concerned about the next 360 million lbs. which we might acquire."



United Press

AGRICULTURE SECRETARY BENSON
Just an extra glass a day.



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EDUCATION

Report Card

¶ U.S. Education Commissioner Samuel Brownell updated some perennial, depressing figures. The U.S., said he, began the last academic year with 1) a shortage of 340,000 classrooms and 72,000 elementary teachers, 2) a plethora (8,000,000) of "functional illiterates," and 3) an appalling school drop-out rate—49.5%.

¶ St. Louis, plagued by complaints that public high-school students are deficient in handling the language, prescribed a double dosage (ten periods a week) of English for all ninth graders.

¶ The trustees of Southern Methodist University reprimanded Professor John Beatty (*Time*, April 12) for publicly charging that the university was being taken over by "powerful non-Christian elements." The facts, said the trustees, "do not bear out the allegations made by Dr. Beatty."

Just in Time

In a conference room of the White House last week, eight boys and a girl, aged eleven to 13, gathered with their parents to await the President. Finally, Dwight Eisenhower strode through the door. Beaming broadly, he presented a special award to each child. The medals and citations were well deserved, for the nine winners. School Safety Patrolmen all, had each been responsible for saving a life. When the President had finished with the children, he turned to their parents. "You must be proud of them," said he.

In the last two decades, the whole country has learned to be proud of the School Safety Patrol. Sponsored by the Automobile Association of America, it really got going in 1922, when President Charles Hayes of the Chicago Motor Club started a program in his home city, even-

tually persuaded the A.A.A. to back it on a nationwide basis. Today some 500,000 schoolchildren are members, and U.S. motorists have long since grown used to seeing the white Sam Browne belts and shiny badges glistening at school crossings. Largely because of the patrol's work, accidents involving schoolchildren have dropped 35% in 25 years, while the rate for other age groups has nearly doubled. Among the winners of this year's awards:

¶ Nancy Cissel, 12, of Silver Spring, Md., spotted a boy in the path of an onrushing car, dashed into the street and pulled him to safety. Nancy was obviously just in time: as the car sped by, it tore her sleeve.

¶ William F. Gurney, 12, of West Palm Beach, Fla., saw a girl and boy trying to pick up some books that the girl had dropped on a railroad track. Gurney rushed onto the track, pushed the boy and girl off, then jumped clear himself—just as a train roared past.

¶ James Messenger, 11, of Youngstown, Ohio, heard a car skidding toward him on an icy street but stood at his post to flag some other children back. As the children obeyed, the car hit Jimmy and broke both his legs. "Despite his pain," says his citation, "when a traffic officer reached him, James's first thought was to ask if the [other] children were safe."

Help on Wheels

The assortment of freight cars making their way across the nation last week was obviously on no ordinary mission. When the cars left Manhattan, they had been blessed by a cardinal, a rabbi and an Episcopal bishop, had pulled out to a chorus of *God Bless America*. They carried boxes and crates of supplies ranging from drugs and machinery to pencils. Destination of the cargo: Korea.

Sponsored by the American-Korean



OUTDOOR CLASSROOM IN KOREA
For 800,000 others, no school at all.

United Press



The 'copters are coming —

and thanks, in part, to Nickel
they're stronger and safer than ever



ELICOPTERS can take off and land in a space not much bigger than their rotor blades.

Largely because of this, these whirlybirds are going to be called upon to handle a great deal of short-haul traffic between cities 250 miles or less apart, in the next decade or so.

They can also be expected to help reduce travel time between outlying airports and city centers.

These coming commercial 'copters won't be two- or three-seaters, of course. They'll be big birds, transport-size. Big, strong, rugged, *safest*—thanks to the design and production "know-how" of their makers and to

their widespread use of Nickel alloy steels.

Take the rotor hubs on the big, transport type of helicopters for example.

An engineer's nightmare, these hubs are subject to terrific stresses, extreme fatigue, severe shock loads. So, as in most of all the forged parts on this giant whirlybird, including the vital blades themselves, the designers make use of a rugged alloy steel containing Nickel.

Or take the major working parts of this helicopter's engines—crankshaft, cams, gears. In these, too, there can be no maybe about the metal used. For the sake of safety and dependability, it's a heat-treated Nickel alloy steel.

In 'copters, as in fixed-wing airplanes, Inco Nickel's role is an invisible one. Its identity is lost when it is alloyed with other metals to give them strength, toughness, or other special properties.

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Foundation, the "train" is one of several that are proceeding by different routes to the West Coast. At each large city, trains will stop, collect more boxes and cars. By journey's end at San Francisco, the foundation hopes to have 600 carloads of goods. For the schools of Korea, the most important part of the cargo is the boxes marked especially for them—each filled by the schools of the U.S.

The boxes are the beginnings of a long-range school-assistance program. Over the years, the foundation hopes to have millions of U.S. pupils collecting not only pencils, paper, laboratory equipment, games and musical instruments, but also news about themselves. In return, the Korean schools will be asked to make up exhibits, send them back to the U.S. pupils from whom the gifts came. Meanwhile, the tragic plight of Korea's schools remains. Items:

¶ Of a prewar total of some 37,000 schools, 10,000 have been completely destroyed and 8,000 more half destroyed.

¶ At least 5% of the schools are conducted out of doors, and 900 classes meet in tents.

¶ Eight out of ten schools were looted by the Communists. Books were burned, equipment stolen, swings and seesaws melted down for scrap.

¶ Because of the shortage of buildings, some 800,000 children are unable to go to school at all. But whether they go or not, one in every eight is suffering from TB.

Happily Ever After?

Since the race began, humans have been wondering about humans, but the latest fashion is to wonder about how the wondering should be done. Last week, at universities across the U.S., teams of anthropologists, sociologists, psychologists and psychiatrists were developing new techniques of wondering. Whatever else may be said about it, the field called "human relations" has become one of the most rapidly expanding endeavors in the postwar academic world.

The idea behind the new drive for knowledge is to study how humans behave, not only as individuals, but, more importantly, as members of a group or particular social setting. Eventually, the experts hope to find some basic laws about behavior which in turn may lead to the easing of various types of tensions. So far, the scholars admit, their efforts have been fumbling, and a good many of the experts are still hard put to say just exactly what human relations is. Among the centers that have mushroomed across the nation: ¶ About the oldest is Yale's Institute of Human Relations, founded in 1929. "Its purpose," says Professor Mark May, "has been to correlate knowledge and coordinate techniques in related fields so that greater progress may be made in the understanding of human life." Though more or less autonomous, the Institute takes under its wing research projects from regular Yale professors. These include everything from an investigation into how people change their attitudes to the curing of some mental disorders by

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the re-education of emotions. Through such projects, the Institute hopes to collect a backlog of information that will tell man as much about himself as the physical sciences tell him about nature. "There is nothing more important," says Professor May, "than the ties that hold people together and the prejudices that hold them apart. There are always squeaky wheels. Some one has got to oil them."

¶ The University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research includes not only human relations but a related field called "group dynamics"—a term first used by the late Psychologist Kurt Lewin, who believed that there are certain "structural properties of groups" that can be "analyzed objectively and measured accurately." Instead of merely observing existing conditions, the group-dynamics enthusiasts go in for controlled experiments, have spent more than a year, for instance,



PSYCHOLOGIST KAHN
Someone has to oil the wheels.

trying to determine what makes some children leaders, in a group while others choose to follow. Meanwhile, the surveyors have made studies of various industries, e.g., why one department is inefficient and lazy while another is loyal and conscientious.

¶ At the University of Miami, the human-relations department concentrates mostly on "Interrace and interfaith tensions," has some 400 students a year working in the field. After reading in the subject and learning various fact-finding techniques, students go out to examine such problems as the library and recreational facilities for Miami Negroes.

¶ New York University's center also concentrates on racial and community problems, e.g., the plight of Manhattan's Puerto Ricans, the reasons for public-school drop-outs, the services a church might perform in a changing neighborhood.

¶ At the University of Pennsylvania, scholars and students have studied such



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problems as the integration of Negroes into the police force. Like Michigan, it lays its major emphasis on intergroup tensions. Too often, says Director Martin P. Chworowsky, social workers and psychiatrists have stressed only the needs and personalities of individuals. The task for human relations: "Teaching people to see themselves as a member of a group and then as a representative of the whole."

¶ At Harvard's Laboratory of Social Relations, says Director Samuel A. Stouffer, "We have worked with dogs, rats, pigeons, myna birds, parakeets, fish, and even people." For one thing, the laboratory has been trying to learn how fish, rats and humans make decisions. It has also observed committees at work, has tried to determine how many members a committee should have (best number: five), and what types of people are likely to dominate. The most ambitious project in the works: a six-year study of various groupings of Navahos, Zuñis, Spanish-Americans, Mormons and Texans, who happen to be jumbled together in one small area in New Mexico.

¶ One of the youngest centers is at Boston University, but it has already conducted a host of strange, new experiments. It has investigated the relations between the eleven ethnic groups in New Bedford,¶ the conflicts between the older and younger members of a Wellesley-Newton women's club, the relations between the seeing and the blind. In the course of the last investigation, says Director Kenneth Benne, "We wanted to set up a discussion group which would overcome the barriers between the seeing and the non-seeing. So we suggested that all seeing people put on blindfolds. Before that, they had been the ones who dominated the discussions. But with blindfolds, they were the insecure ones, and the blind people then spoke with authority. This is a whole area that has never been explored. We don't know how much people depend on visual cues for recognition.

Will this sort of thing eventually help man to live more happily ever after? The answer to that question, say the experts, is years away. In the meantime, the field of human relations labors under one disadvantage. There is," complains Michigan's Robert Kahn, "nothing we can say that somebody does not know already. If we make a study and say that it appears that under certain conditions a certain organization functions better when its leader studies every problem carefully before tackling it, people will say, 'That's nothing new. I've always said, 'Look before you leap.'" But if we say that our studies show that the organization functions better when the leader is a man of immediate action, the same people will say, "That's nothing new. I've always said, 'He who hesitates is lost.'" Every generalization we can make is already in the folklore, but—and this is important—so is its opposite."

¶ Yankee, French, Portuguese, Irish, Jewish, Italian, Polish, Scandinavian, Greek, English, German.



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BOOKS

Lost: Another Generation

THE COURTS OF MEMORY (507 pp.)—
Frank Rooney—Vanguard (\$3.95).

The Courts of Memory sits its characters down at the banquet board of life, and gradually changes it into an operating table. Written by a 40-year-old short-story writer named Frank Rooney, it is among the year's best first novels—until it bogs down in psychological probing. Author Rooney's two basic themes: 1) parents v. children; 2) the lost and/or silent generation in search of a code to live by.

Bracing Brother. In 1932 the Griffins are a well-to-do Los Angeles family so close that no member breathes except through the smothering palm of another. Father Griffin, balding and in his late 50s, is not out of Clarence Day, but out of a manual on corporate management. To him, his children are irresponsible junior executives who must submit periodic balance sheets on their behavior. "What have we here?" he asks in his raised-eyebrows voice when the accounts are out of line.

Mother Griffin has a large, solid body, but her brain is the stiff pillows are made of. Her life is one long strategic retreat. Two Griffin children dominate the story. Dick, the novel's narrator, is an unself-confident 16, torn between the slavish loyalty demanded by his father and the slavish devotion he feels for his older sister, Brace. At the camera distance of one generation, 19-year-old Brace is the sister of Hemingway's Lady Brett Ashley—a victim of the new conformism, revolt for revolt's sake. She says profane and obscene things just to shock people, and makes the relatively naive kisses of Fitzgerald's "flaming youth" seem as remote



GUAHARIBOS IN THE AMAZONIAN JUNGLE
Mozart soothed the savage breast.

as the Gatling gun. United against their family and the world, Dick and Brace develop a neurotic dependence on each other. But it is more frequently Dick, moving from his first shave to his first girl friend, who needs Brace. Author Rooney uses the death of a grandfather to foreclose Dick's troubled adolescence and shove all his characters eight years ahead into 1940.

Faking Something. In the '40s, revolt begins to taste ashby, as Dick sees it, "below rationality and reason . . . neither Brace nor I had anything. Nothing at all." Eager to replace nothing with something, Brace marries an earnest, straightforward Roman Catholic boy and embraces his faith. Dick goes into his father's lumber business but increasingly embraces the bottle and "used women, women who at one time had been firmly in the possession of others . . . It is like buying a used car . . . If you scratch it you need not feel guilty or angry . . ." When Brace finds that her husband is a mother's boy and that her own religious conversion was only an effort "to fake something," she sheds both.

Back from World War II and faced with his and Brace's emotional bankruptcy, Dick decides that "the earth does not belong to the good, the wise or the gentle, but to the adaptable." He adapts himself to a plain Jane who wants nothing more than to give him a son and heir. But Brace has dipped too deeply into her dwindling moral capital. When a second marriage ends on the rocks, she becomes an alcoholic, finally commits suicide.

Author Rooney writes lively, intelligent dialogue, and knows well how to describe one generation pushing another over the brink of patience. But when *The Courts of Memory* trails Dick and Brace on their hunt for mislaid values, it becomes hard to feel sorry for characters who are already so sorry for themselves.



NOVELIST ROONEY

Below reason, nothing at all.

Adventure on Land & Sea

JOURNEY TO THE FAR AMAZON (353 pp.)—Alain Gheerbrant—Simon & Schuster (\$5).

THE VOYAGE OF THE HERÉTIQUE (214 pp.)—Alain Bombard—Simon & Schuster (\$3.50).

One of the hallmarks of a Frenchman supposedly is *le bon sens*—common sense. But two Frenchmen have put out books about experiences that belie the national characteristic. One decided to penetrate the Amazonian jungle and make friends with cannibals. The other proposed crossing the Atlantic alone in a 15-ft. dinghy fitted with a single tiny sail. Both were displaying uncommon sense, which is the kind that turns the key on adventure and opens doors to discovery.

Pants in the Ants. In *Journey to the Far Amazon*, Explorer Alain Gheerbrant tells how, with one Colombian and two Frenchmen, he plunged into the "green hell" of the Sierra Parima between Venezuela and Brazil. That vast sea of vegetation, never before crossed by a white man, was filled with reptiles, insects—and man-eating fish, all unfriendly. One night in a grotto a scraping noise awakened Gheerbrant. It was an advancing column, 16 inches wide, of red ants. They had already devoured his belt, half his trousers and were starting on his leather camera case.

To get through the seemingly impenetrable Sierra, Gheerbrant needed the help of local Indians. His principle was non-violence, his method diplomacy. Sometimes negotiations began with a bow and arrow aimed at a white man's heart and ended with Gheerbrant allowing savages to tug his beard and strip him of his possessions. But his supreme instrument of diplomacy was a Mozart symphony. Military marches left the Indians impulsive; Louis Armstrong's trumpeting failed



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to send them; but Mozart always soothed the savage breast. "Such music," Gheerbrant writes, "did not . . . clamp down a mask of fear on [their] faces . . . It opened up the secret places of the heart."

Men in the Dark. The most primitive of these barbarians were the Guaharibos. They lived in the depths of the forest, and Gheerbrant concluded that they "had remained on earth by an anthropological anachronism." They had no implements of iron or stone, not even a hatchet or a knife. They did not know how to build huts or make canoes, did no farming and went about naked. Sometimes they practiced cannibalism. Mostly they ate what was easily come upon: "wild berries, marsh flowers full of earthworms, caterpillars and insects, and even earth." About all that distinguished them from animals was that they could make fire and stand upright. In the filth of their gloomy forest



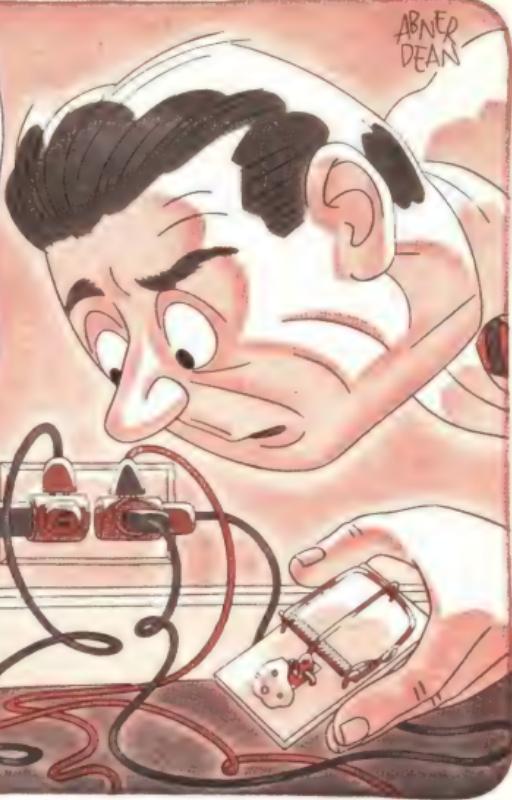
AUTHOR BOMBARD
The greatest menace is common sense.

village, Gheerbrant saw that the Guaharibo "still sleeps in his dark, damp huts curled in on himself like a tortoise. He is as yet immune to these feelings which make a man shiver and inspire him to go forth into the outer light . . . He flees from the light at once hiding himself in the thickest part of the forest . . .

Yet they were men. As Gheerbrant came to know them, he noted in their skeletal figures and leprous faces "gentle curves, tender gestures, naive curiosity and strange wishes and desires," and realized that despite the thousands of years that separated him from them they were linked by the common bond of humanity.

The expedition lasted more than a year, and at times it seemed impossible to penetrate the jungle over river highways crated with vicious rapids and broken by precipitous waterfalls. Once it took the explorers a week to advance a mile overland. But finally, with muddy, lifeless faces, they emerged to the "civilization

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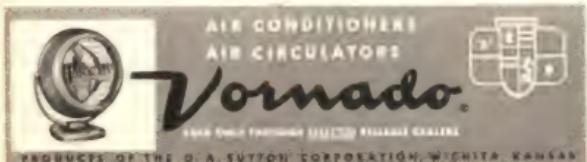


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[that] awaited us, with its haste and its rapacity, but also with its power and its glory." Through all the mishaps of his trip, Gheerbrant managed to hold onto his notes. He is a poet and has transformed them into a fascinating and noble book.

Food in the Sea. Author Alain Bombard's Atlantic adventure, set down in *The Voyage of the Hérétique*, was even more primitive than Gheerbrant's Amazonian hardships. For 65 days and nights, from the Canaries to the West Indies, he was alone on the vast waters of the ocean (TIME, Jan. 5, 1953), living only on the fish and birds he could catch and eat raw and the liquid he could get from the sea and the sky.

To save some of the "50,000 people who die each year in lifeboats," Dr. Bombard wanted to give a dramatic demonstration of three unlikely propositions: 1) sea water is drinkable in small quantities for a limited time without ill effects, 2) it is possible to live on the resources of the sea, 3) small craft normally considered unnavigable can be made to reach a predetermined point.

Thirst will kill a man faster than hunger, but when he had nothing else, Bombard drank small amounts of sea water and felt fine. Apart from rain, however, his basic drink was the juice he squeezed out of the fish he caught. Bombard proved his thesis but not without tremendous suffering. Never did he underestimate the hostility of the sea. He knew that at any moment a single wave could have ended his life, but his frail craft never capsized although mountainous waves sometimes flooded it. He fished and ruminated and read Aeschylus and Spinoza. He was never bored, but perhaps the worst times were those hours of unfathomable despair when it seemed "as if the immense and absolute solitude of the ocean's expanse were concentrated right on top of me, as if my beating heart were the center of gravity of a mass which was at the same time nothingness."

What Authors Bombard and Gheerbrant suggest, each in his own way, is that there is hardly a greater menace to the adventure of expanding knowledge than ordinary *bon sens*.

Bucks & Rocks

A RAKE AND HIS TIMES (280 pp.)—John H. Wilson—Farrar, Straus & Young (\$4).

RAKE ROCHESTER (224 pp.)—Charles Norman—Crown (\$3).

King Charles II believed in God, but pictured him as an easygoing fellow who would not "make a man miserable . . . for taking a little pleasure out of the way." This belief enabled Charles to get a great deal of pleasure out of a multitude of mistresses, 2) swell the British peerage with royal by-blows, 3) set an example that his courtiers were happy to follow. Like crumbs from the royal table, his discarded ladies were snapped up first by noble favorites, often later by mere baronets, knights, popular actors and even acrobats. The most resourceful mistress of



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them all, for example, Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, ended up in the arms of a nobody named Jack Churchill, who built so wisely on her fair foundations (she gave him £5,000) that he became the great Duke of Marlborough.

Such was the Restoration pattern—up the ladder, down the ladder, in a maze of political and bedroom intrigues. The two latest Restoration biographies—one on George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, the other on John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester—are not merely complementary; they are like reading the same crazy story twice.

Cuckolds Grow Troublesome. "Bucks," as Author Wilson insists on calling Buckingham, was the more striking figure of the two. Born to the purple, he was so handsome, witty and intelligent that Louis XIV was maliciously pleased to describe him as "almost the only English



THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
He fixed the King and Nell.

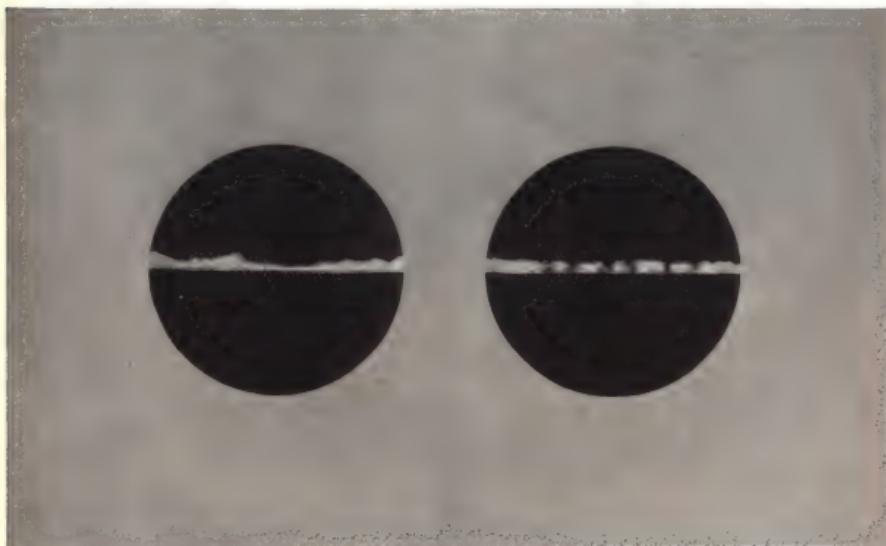
gentleman he had seen." Buckingham could "fix" anything, from a political treaty to a royal date: it was he, for example, who introduced King Charles to Nell Gwynn and arranged for the King to discover the Duchess of Cleveland in bed with Jack Churchill. He dabbled in chemistry, playwriting, poetry and music, and his swordsmanship was such that peaceful men turned pale and ladies swooned when he strode into their presence. Along with his fellow rakes, Buckingham was in and out of the royal favor like a gaudy shuttle—though Charles was too indulgent to fuss when Buckingham ran his sword through the Earl of Shrewsbury, husband of Buckingham's mistress. "I am sorry to find that cuckolds in France grow so troublesome," Charles wrote to his sister, the Duchess of Orleans, shortly after. "They have been inconvenient in all countries this last year."

In his full glory as Privy Councillor, Master of the Horse, Gentleman of the Bedchamber, a Minister of State, Buckingham was so haughty that not Charles

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himself escaped the great duke's disdain. When he was really exasperated by the royal indolence, Buckingham could express himself excellently in light verse:

*But not one lesson of the ruling art
Could this dull blockhead ever get by
heart.
Look over all the universal frame,
There's not one thing the will of man
can name.
In which this ugly, perjured rogue
delights,
But ducks and loitering, buttered bums
and whites!*

It was contempt of Charles, which rivals could easily carry to the King, that brought Buckingham down. His estates squandered, he died (1681), stripped of his honors, in a farmhouse bedroom.

Pots & Pans. John Wilms, second Earl of Rochester, was a friend of Buckingham, but very different. Of what he called "the three businesses of this age—women, politics and drinking," Rochester was interested only in the first and the last, which he pursued to the point of frenzy.

Unlike Buckingham, Rochester seems close to the present age of psychoanalysis and "the double man." He described himself as "the wildest and most fantastical odd man alive," and spent his brief life alternately indulging and despising the follies of his day. When he was sick of making the King laugh, he would flee from Whitehall in disguise—as a trader on the Stock Exchange, or a traveling tinker crying, "Pots and pans to mend!" —whereupon he proceeded to knock their bottoms out, furiously and with evident enjoyment, or hammered them into grotesque shapes."

"He told me," said Bishop Burnet, his confessor, "[that] for five years together he was continually drunk; not all the while under the visible effects . . . but his blood . . . so enflamed that he was not in all that time . . . master of himself." Rochester's contempt for the world included himself, and he spoke with a sort of brutal regret of the strong, handsome body that he had ruined with gonorrhoea and alcohol before he was out of his 20s.

Rochester was only 33 when he died after a deathbed repentance. "I have carried myself to Him like an ungracious dog!"

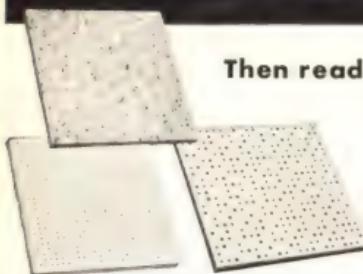
The Earl on the Ledge

THE DOVE WITH THE BOUGH OF OLIVE (279 pp.)—Dunstan Thompson—Simon & Schuster (\$3.75).

In the old days, the heroes and heroines of religious novels were "good" people who practiced what the parson preached. Nowadays, as in the novels of Graham Greene and Francois Mauriac, the religious hero is more likely to be a fallen fellow who depends for salvation solely on the mercy of God. In his first novel, U.S. Poet Dunstan Thompson has tried to avoid both extremes.

Katherine, Marchioness of Diss, once Katie O'Higgins of Washington, D.C., is ♦ i.e., mistresses and money.

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planning a dinner at her palatial London home. Her list of guests does not include her estranged husband—a dry-as-dust marquess whom she married chiefly for his title. Nor does it include the only man she really loves—her son, the Earl of Hazelhurst, who despises his father, oedi-puses his mother, and spends most of his life staying drunk. But Katie's list does include:

¶ Monsignor Royford, an American-born prelate who has made his niche among Belgravia's "ancient dames and debutante Pekinese."

¶ U.S. Ambassador-Extraordinary Jim Calan, an oil tycoon who has come to London to drive a hard bargain with British diplomats. Shrewd, tough, likable, religious, Jim would have married Katie O'Higgins had she not refused to become a mere Mrs.

¶ Poet Francis Jerringham, a Roman Catholic convert, who is acidly etched by his literary agent as a "Vatican valet" and "Roman meistersinger."

¶ Atheist Lancelot Lawrence—described by a hero-worshiper as "the greatest poet in the world." Everyone knows that Lancelot's greatest poetry and deepest misery have been caused by his unrequited passion for Katie Diss.

¶ Freddy Deline, a one-time acrobat and now an aging matinée idol who hopes to squeeze some Diss money out of Katie to back his new show.

As each prospective guest goes about London on his private business, he meets or crosses the tracks of his fellow guests, so that by the time they all get together at Katie's table, each man's private world has been described both by himself and through the eyes of others. Suddenly, there bursts into this assembly of unheroic mortals a strange instrument of Christian betterment—the Earl of Hazelhurst, drunk as a lord, and enraged with his mother to the point of suicide for having robed him of the moral support of a saintly young friend. Yelling and storming, the earl hurls himself through the window and hangs teetering, "cradled between the metal stanchions of an awning."

Instantly, a marvelous change sweeps over the diners. In a trice, Gilman Calan has rigged a rope around a chimney, and Lounge Lizard Freddy Deline, the one-time acrobat, is dexterously swinging himself down to the precarious peer. Fashionable Monsignor Royford crawls steadfastly along a narrow ledge, twelve stories above the ground, to give absolution. Katie Diss prays to God for the first time in many years.

Author Thompson has the courage of his convictions. But before they reach the final, melodramatic pages, his readers may long for Graham Greener pastures: they must listen to page upon page of second-rate smart talk on the one hand and chummy religious matter on the other. *The Dove with the Bough of Olive* is a brave and interesting try, but it seems to prove that any author who attempts to mix the frivolities of Belgravia with the profundities of Heaven is in mortal danger of going straight to Hollywood.

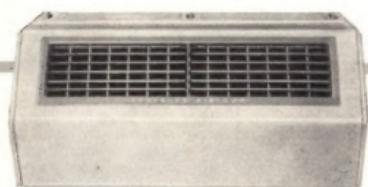
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MISCELLANY

Honor Bright. In Perrysburg, Ohio, charged with waving a sign reading "Speed Trap Ahead," then shepherding twelve cars safely past a police radar checkpoint, Scoutmaster John E. Schellpfeffer was fined \$50 despite his plea: "I just wanted to do a good turn."

Family Affair. In Salem, Mass., when two masked bandits went into the Surrette Storage Battery Co., Bookkeeper Josephine Russell recognized her brother-in-law in spite of his mask, later notified police, who nabbed both men.

Put & Take. In Los Angeles, Mrs. Phyllis Morris complained in court that when ever her estranged husband Albert came to pay her \$24 monthly support, he insisted that she play gin rummy with him, giving him a chance to win back his money.

Overtime. In New Haven, Conn., seeking a divorce, Factory Worker Carmen Nuzzo explained that he did not mind working nights to support his wife Eleanor and her five unemployed brothers, but they made so much noise during the day that he could get no sleep.

Mass Reaction. In Fort William, Ont., fined \$50 for attempted theft, Allan Hayes, 69, angrily explained why he had assaulted a pay telephone with a hack saw, cold chisel and hammer: "I wanted my nickel back. I did what anyone would do . . ."

The Lovelorn. In Chicago, police nabbed Carl Mannelli and John Thomas on the roof of the Wisconsin Packing Co. with an assortment of wrenches and a hack saw, took them off to jail despite Mannelli's plea: "Honest, we were just looking for girls . . ."

Property Improvement. In Milwaukee, arrested for taking an ax to the electric power pole in front of his house, Albert Freiberg, 41, explained: "The pole mars the beauty of my property . . . I told them right from the start that if it didn't look nice, I'd chop it down."

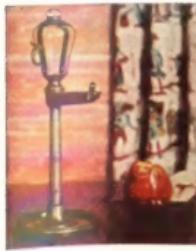
Sauce for the Gander. In El Paso, burglars who broke into Michael's Café took time out from their work to remove a 7-lb. goose from the refrigerator, cook and eat it.

Any Questions? In Vallejo, Calif., the Times Herald carried a personal announcement: "My wife has, without cause, left my habitation and is floating on the ocean of tyrannical extravagance, prone to prodigality . . . kindling her pipe with the coal of curiosity . . . [To] abolish such insidious, clandestine, noxious, pernicious, diabolical, and notorious deportment, I therefore caution all persons from harboring or trusting her on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting . . . unless compelled by law . . . E. H. Mailiw."



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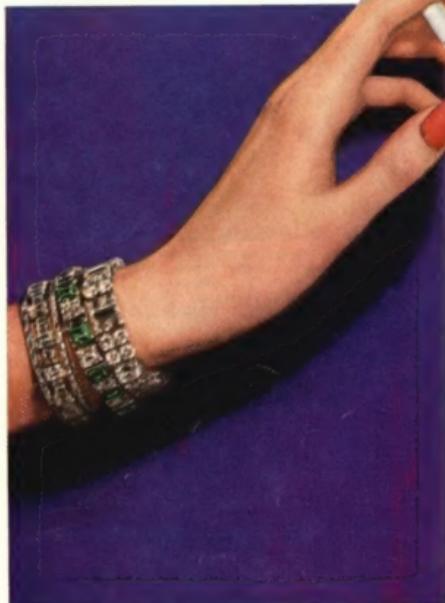


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